

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine

EDITORS:

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JOHN J. MOMENT, ONT.

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DAVID POTTER, N. J.

MANAGING EDITOR:

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS, N. Y.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

H. GORDON PIERCE, N. Y.

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✓ WHEN WITHERSPOON WAS PRESIDENT.

—
Their manners had a formal cast
A century or more ago,
Their bow was suited, as they passed
To place in academic row.
With "honored sir" and "humbly so,"
Their speech was truly reverent—
True learning did true grace bestow,
When Witherspoon was president.

The clothes they wore would now be classed
At best as but a curio,
Huge buckles held their slippers fast—
Low-cut and pointed at the toe.
Gray-powdered ha'r, small-clothes below,
A long blue coat fresh splendor lent—
In sooth they made a goodly show
When Witherspoon was president.

But when the trumpet's warring blast
Had knelled the fate that tyrants know,
They proved no laggards at the last
And sprang to meet their country's foe.
Their master's words undying glow—
"To slavery there's no consent,
My fame, my life is on the throw"—
When Witherspoon was president,
Aye—manners, customs, clothes may flow,
Unchanging is such sentiment—
We would have done as they, I trow,
When Witherspoon was president.

—David Potter.

IN CAP AND GOWN A CENTURY AGO.

'Twas by the light of a flittering rush candle that Mr. Fitz Randolph of Prince Town made his entries in his diary. A most interesting book too, for the writer was one of that group of generous and broad-minded men, who by favorable words and liberal gifts brought about the removal of the College of New Jersey from the city of Newark to this little village on the hill-top. He it was who conveyed to the Trustees the lot upon which Nassau Hall now stands. Mayhap 'twas in the fading twilight that he recorded the events of two of the days of the summer of '54. The words are brief and simple, yet to our minds they stand as in letters of light, reflecting the sunset glow at the end of two ever memorable days. They are as follows:

"July 29, 1754. Jos. Morrow set a man first to begin to dig the college cellar."

"September —, 1754. The first corner-stone of the New Jersey College was laid in the northwesterly corner of cellar by Thomas Leanard, Esq., John Stockton, Esq., John Horner, Esq., Mr. William Worth, the mason that built

the stone and brick work of the college, myself and many others."

Mr. William Worth built exceedingly well, for the storms of nearly a century and a half, the cannon balls of Washington's artillery and the ravages of two destructive fires have had but little effect upon the solid masonry of the outer walls. Historic, do you say? The walls that have held for four years the youths who in later life guided the destinies of a nation; fought its battles afield and in Congress; that have resounded to the thunder of cannon and the cheers of a victorious people greeting their leader, they may well deserve the garlands and drapings of ivy vines rewarding a work well done.

But what of those youths when as yet the responsibilities of manhood had not fallen upon them; what of the life in cap and gown under the shadow of Old North and within the sound of the iron tongue in the old belfry?

Letters home talk of a "most respectful and dutiful yet unworthy son, who, cognizant of the great expense and labor spent upon him, is ever toiling over his books and gaining great praise from the Tutor." We fain would believe that our young Princetonian was not in reality so prim and serious as his writings would indicate, and here and there human nature does appear much as we know it to-day with requests, phrased though they are in stilted words, for a little more "cash." Pray remember now that even in this enlightened nineteenth century, when the universe but exists for the undergraduate, and the diplomacy of nations is set at naught for the sake of a bonfire, that letters written to anxious parents to-day may sometimes omit mention of our every doing, and that the chronicle may contain gaps about which we comfort ourselves by saying that "they wouldn't understand exactly how it was."

Away from the follies and temptations of "that sad

place, Newark," came Mr. Aaron Burr with his company of about seventy students, to settle down in the country village and there lay the foundations of our great "rural university."

Strange sights and sounds now came to the eyes and ears of the dignified and thrifty old farmers. Those seventy pairs of eyes gazing from gallery and pew soon set country maiden hearts all in a flutter, and left the Reverend President or minister an inattentive feminine audience. They were gayer days for the old colonial town. The coming from city to country scenes, the breathing of the fresh winds, and the delight of walking through grassy lanes and in soft rustling woods, all had their effect upon the students. Witness a healthier, braver, more manly spirit throughout our history, and thank the breezes from Delaware River hillsides and the beauty of that view of rolling country away to the south and east.

They were a most patriotic body of young men, for not four years later did they propose that upon Commencement Day they should, in addition to the regular exercises, give an entertainment. In the language of the "*Pennsylvania Gazette*" of October 21, 1762, and in a letter dated Princeton, September 30, it is said that "the whole concluded with a Poetical Entertainment given by the candidates for Bachelor's degree, interspersed with choruses of music, which, with the whole performance of the day, afforded universal satisfaction to a polite and crowded auditory." On the title page of the little book containing the words and music sung that day is inscribed: "The Military Glory of Great Britain, Given by the Late Candidates for Bachelor's Degree at the Close of the Anniversary Commencement, held in Nassau Hall, New Jersey, September 29, 1762." The closing chorus ran as follows:

"While mountains poise the balanc'd Globe,
Shade and light the world enrobe;

While Sun and Moon and Stars endure,
And a blended radiance pour,
British fame shall bear the Prize,
And in a blaze of peerless Glory rise."

How quickly the change of feeling began, however, may be realized by reading that only nine years later a second "entertainment" was given, but of a far different nature and title. In 1771, when twelve men graduated, a poem read by Hugh Brackinridge (perhaps partially written by Frenau), on "The Rising Glory of America," "was received," according to the "Pennsylvania Chronicle" of that autumn, "with great applause." 'Twas at this time, too, that Premiums "were awarded in reading the English language with propriety, and in orthography, to Aaron Burr, of the Senior class; in extempore exercises in Latin to H. Brockholst Livingston, of the Freshman class," (afterwards a Chief Justice of the United States), and "for the translation of English into Latin, to Henry Lee," later and more commonly known as the brave and dashing cavalry officer. 'Twas further stated, though no reason was assigned, that "Mr. James Madison was excused from taking any part in the exercises."

The colonies had taken a long step in these nine years, and in the various celebrations and bonfires of the time may be seen the rapidly growing spirit of liberty and patriotism.

What a record of events and movements might a history of "Princeton Bonfires" disclose! "The city that is built on a hill cannot be hid" and we have let our light shine when much around us was dark.

Would you follow the life of Princeton students during the next few years read of every battle in Jersey and many to the north and the south. With its president, John Witherspoon, in Congress, and its Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, William C. Houston, acting as

captain of the "Somerset County Minute Men," the Humanities and the Sciences were not studied to an alarming degree. The Trustees held their meetings and conferred degrees in various places, with reference in particular to the proximity of His Majesty's forces, while President Witherspoon issued his college announcements in Philadelphia newspapers.

There were seven in the Senior class of 1777, and degrees were given to all of them by votes of the Trustees during the period from '78 to '82. Within a fortnight after leaving Princeton, James A. Bayard '77, was standing by the roadside near Germantown, with a halter round his neck, awaiting death as a rebel, but the pleading of his mother gained his release, and the British officer commanding took pity on the boy of seventeen. In the year of his graduation did James Crawford, also of '77, join the Presbyterian Church, and his pastor wrote in the certificate which was to serve as his credentials to the clergy for ordination: "And, also, he appears to be well affected to the cause of American liberty." 'Twas a new clause in the doctrine of the Freedom of the Will.

As the tide of war swept away to the South a continually increasing concourse of students made the old town once more gay and festive.

In 1781 a mighty banquet was eaten and thirteen toasts drunk, all upon the news of "Yorktown," while town and college were befittingly decorated. 'Twas in the same year that Peter Elmendorf of Albany, New York, entered the Junior class in college. He had been proceeded by his cousin, Conrad, and together they lived in Nassau Hall and recorded their life and impressions in various letters. Nothing better can be done than to quote here and there from their correspondence. Below is a letter written by Peter to his brother directly upon his arrival at Princeton in 1781.

DEAR MOTHER

This is the first letter I have the pleasure to Date from this Place, therefore am sensible 'twill be received with that happiness which it would afford me in receiving one from your hand, anxious have I been to hear of your safe arrival, but my expectations are not yet gratified, let me hear then with Renselaer all particulars with regard to your journey, and our family's situation, as for mine I am well pleased, the Place agrees admirably with my disposition, my Room tho' not yet finished, is decent, clean, and nobly situated, we have the finest Prospect that ever could be desired, in short we have every thing comfortable in Life, nothing then remains but a strict and close application to my Studies which shall not be wanting on my Part * * * .

A second, written by Conrad to his Aunt, Peter's mother, runs as follows:

PRINCETON, July 2, 1781.

DEAR AUNT:

I am at present uncertain whether this letter will ever come safe to your hands, but a desire of bearing Testimony to a circumstance which without doubt has proved a matter of concern to you, made me resolve to imbrace the first opportunity of writing; I mean Peter's welfare, and let me tell you (my dear friend) that you could by no means have made a better provision for his future glory, than the step you have taken, in spite of all the vain remonstrances which were offered tending to convince you that Nassau Hall was become a nursery of Vice and irreligion rather than institution of Virtue and morality.

You need no longer be troubled about Peter for he behaves himself like one who considers his own interest and as becometh a Christian, he is already esteemed by the Tutor to be among the foremost in the Class, and let me add that this esteem proceeds from a steady application to his books as well as from his own personal abilities which are great, and with his present opportunities, will in the course of a few years become a comfort to your old age an honor to himself and a Glory to his country.

You may perhaps censure me with impartiality for two reasons the first being prejudiced in favour of this college which in my humble opinion is preferable to Brunswick for many reasons and lastly desiring to set at rest the tenderness of maternal affection which I can well Judge of by sad experience; but I can confidentially assure you that I have no more than done justice to your Son and hope it will be accepted as such. Remember my best respects to Mr. Bleeker and all the rest of the Family.

I am with every sentiment of respect and esteem your most Obedt Conradt Ed; Elmendorf.

Again Peter writes on July 27, 1781 and in the quotation given we can see a little below the surface.

"I intend buying myself a broad Cloth for a winter's dressing Coat, with some of my spending-money which I have left and an addition of yours, which you can send me by Simon Veser whom we expect here within three weeks, it is very necessary here as all the Students in general wear them."

Repeated requests for a "little cash" are to be found throughout the correspondence and also several receipted bills. Two signed by President Smith are given below—

Jan'y. 17th, 1781.

Recd of Mr. Peter Elmendorf the Sum of three pounds the advance of his tuition for the present session.

SAM'L S. SMITH.

May 20th, 1782.

Recd of Mr. Peter Elmendorf the Sum of forty shillings in full of chamber rent for the last and curr't sessions of the college.

SAM'L S. SMITH.

As this was the regular charge we may presume Peter did not smoke or chew tobacco, as in an old book of college laws is found a rule to the effect that five shillings extra will be charged to those who do so in their rooms.

There is also a tailor's bill dated July 11th, 1782 for 1 pound, 15 shillings, (unreceipted). We begin to feel akin now to our undergraduate of the 18th century.

The next letter is written upon his return after the second vacation. A year of study has improved writing and spelling to a remarkable degree.

NASSAU HALL, November 30th, 1781.

DEAR MAMA

I can now again with pleasure write to you from a station which I have long desired to arrive at, and assure you that when again entering these walls they seemed so familiar and agreeable to the inhabitant, that were some particular circumstances as favorable, I should be perfectly reconciled and think my happiness great, and almost beyond expression; but yet such new and unexpected scenes have interfered as exclude me from the enjoyment of a great deal of pleasure. We arrived here safe and without the least embarrassment, excepting a small storm of snow which overtook us at Mr. Ten Broecks, the family are all well at present, it was here I first heard of the new laws, for paying advance for both board and tuition; this circumstance has emptied the purse and obliged us to disburse more than the original stock; but would this change the manner in which we board I should not in the least mind it, but believe me I would rather diet with the meanest rank of people than with the steward of college, I often repent that I saw his face; after having paid him 24 pound and then to live in the way we do (?) is the most provoking thing I ever met with. We eat rye bread, half dough and as black as it possibly can be, old oniony butter, and sometimes dry bread, and thick coffee for breakfast, a little milk or cyder and bread, and sometimes meagre chocolate for supper, very indifferent dinners, such as lean, tough, boiled fresh beef with dry potatoes; and if this deserves to be called diet for mean ravenous people let it so be stiled, and not a table for Collegians; thus may we be said to exist and not to live as it becomes persons of good extraction. I have sensibly felt for you in these continual alarms, and many times wished the family in a safe and convenient retreat, free from the hurry and dreadful confusion of war;

let me wish you joy on this great and severe blow which the enemy have received to the southward, and the defeat of the enemy in your quarter; may these produce happy effects, make peace spread its wings over this continent, and restore our own habitation to its former magnificence, is my sincere wish. Let me hear often from you and send me some cash with first opportunity; inclosed in this letter I send you my accounts from which you may judge of my inability in the money way. Mrs. Bayard's best respects to you and the family, and was very sorry she could not see me last vacation, she sent this by a student in college. Remember me to my Sisters and Bleecker and I beg they would excuse my not writing and think it not owing to want of inclination but of time, for Mr. Morris is just waiting. My best wishes attend you and believe me to be your dutiful Son,

PETER ED. ELMENDORF.

Save for the reference to the war might not the letter have been written as well in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century? The few words on family losses show how high and low were forced to meet the realities of war. At the time of the northern campaign the Elmendorfs, as "rebels," had suffered severely from the impairment of estates at the hands of the British and Indians. Again he writes to his sister, saying: "I should be much obliged to you in your interceding with Mama for a little cash with the first opportunity, the advancing for board and tuition has taken away my stock." The above is repeated with many variations in all the letters of the second year. The winter of Senior year was marked by the diversions of "speaking and acting," for in a letter to "Dear Mama," from Princeton, dated February 24, 1782, Peter writes:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that hard study employs each moment of our time, the day and evening are wholly dedicated to it, but our minds have been a little relaxed from the laborious task by the acting of a tragedy called that of Ormisanda and Alonzo, never were people

better pleased, than with our performance, our dress was silk and elegant and every circumstance to render it noble was strictly attended to; it was so affecting that it caused tears to flow from many. A compassionate mind made them feel for the characters in distress."

The Triangle Club has so far neglected to celebrate its centennial, though it is to be hoped that its successes of the past century will be repeated in the closing years of the present. Unfortunately there is a gap in the correspondence and the next point of interest to be noted is that of the celebration of the adoption of the Constitution though the letter is probably not from Princeton, and is dated August 6, 1788, after Peter had left college, a few sentences are worth quoting. He says: "I am over-fatigued by riding, our Review, thank fortune, is now most over and on Friday next we shall join our friends to celebrate the adoption. We shall have something very elegant—a bower of thirteen Arches is erected on the hill for us to dine under—a federal Batteau with Beaver and furs Indian Traders &c to be carried Drawn through the Streets by all professions—Tradesmen & Mechanicks to proceed in due order, nearly resembling N. York procession—only this will be more in Miniature." A few months later he writes from Albany about the taking of one John Bleeker to Princeton. He says: "I expect to accompany little Johnny about the latter end of this week, when I hope to see my Sister at New York, we are not yet determined whether he will stay at New York College or at Princeton. it would be more convenient at N. York if the advantages were equal, but I prefer our College." That the alumnus secured his wish is testified to by a "Bill of Expense in taking Jno. R. Bleecker to Princeton settled by Mrs. Bleecker and paid to me." This in Peter's handwriting. Blotted and blurred, yet containing several interesting points worth the deciphering and printing here:

Passages for two persons in the stage to Princeton.	£ 1 14 8
Baggage—a Trunk & Bedding	10 —
Difference between Specie & Paper Cy	2 8
Ferriage of two persons & Baggage	2 7
Breakfasts over at Powle's Hook.	4 —
Dinners at Brunswic	7 9
Cherry and water	1 —
Bill at Princeton.	16 —
Paid Smith	7 5 —
Horse & Chair-Hire to Raritan	16 —
Hair dressing at Princeton.	2 —
Passage on my return and lodging.	17 —
Supper at Elizabeth Town	2 —
Ferriage & liquor	1 —
Carting Baggage to Ferry.	1 —
Exchange for John 5 Dolls. Sent him	2 3 8
Zenophon sent John, 13s & Lexicon 16s 8d.	1 9 8

The Smith to whom money is paid is the president; and the two items of the difference between specie and paper currency and the rate of exchange of the dollar in shillings mark the state of the public finances at the time.

The knowledge of the progress of Princeton can be gained from old catalogues and histories. 'Tis only the more personal information with which we concern ourselves. And this we gain by looking past Congresses and Presidents and reading in the yellowing pages of quaint books of College Laws or through pleasant converse with some stately gentleman of the old school, who speaks with pride of the class of Twenty-blank. 'Twas not in Pullman sleepers that the freshmen came from "the West," but often, as did two illustrious members of the class of 1800, by "riding and tying." Young James Lindly and James Carnahan, both of them future college presidents, would alternate in the use of Lindly's horse. One would ride for five or ten miles, then tie the animal by the roadside and proceed on foot, while his friend coming up would mount and travel his turn in the saddle. So they came and many with them, some by stage from Philadelphia, some by ships from Long Island

and from up the Hudson to Raritan or New Brunswick, thence by stage to Princeton, or the more wealthy ones through by stage all the way from New York city, but these last were few. 'Twas an institution of learning and morality they found here if we are to judge from the various rules and laws of the college in force in 1794. In academic habit and seemly garb they were to attend to college duties, and little excuse was there made for youthful spirits or boyish pranks.

'Tis recorded that: "Every student shall possess a black gown, which shall be made agreeable to a fashion which the faculty shall prescribe; nor shall any student appear at prayers in the hall or at church without his gown;" also that: "no student shall visit on the Sabbath nor shall any who live or board in college go without the bounds of the college on that day, unless by express permission of his instructor;" and again: "no student shall keep for his use or pleasure any horse or riding beast; nor shall any student keep a dog or gun or fire arms and ammunition of any kind without express permission from the authority of the college;" and furthermore: "no student shall go to a Tavern, beer house or any place of such kind for the purpose of entertainment without permission from some officer of the college." Whether it was the appearance of "shinney" or baseball that called forth the following rule from the faculty remains in doubt; but 'tis to be read in the minutes of that body—"Faculty met Nov. 26, 1787. It appearing that a play at present much practiced by the small boys among the students and by grammar scholars with balls and sticks, in the back campus of the college, is in itself low and unbecoming gentlemen and students; and inasmuch as it is attended with great danger to the health by sudden and alternate heats and colds; as it tends by accidents almost unavoidable in that play to the disfiguring and maiming of those who are engaged in

it, for whose health and safety as well as improvement in study as far as depends on our exertion, we are accountable to their parents and liable to be severely blamed by them; and inasmuch as there are many amusements both more honorable and more useful in which they are indulged,—Therefore the Faculty think it incumbent on them to prohibit the students and grammar scholars from using the play aforesaid." There were not many "honorable or useful amusements" which would satisfy the undergraduate of to-day, for, save walking, exercise there was none and in an edition of 1819 of "College Laws" it appears that: "No student shall hire any horse or carriage from any person whatever, for the purpose of amusement exercise or business, without explicit permission from some officer of the college. Nor shall a student without such permission go to a greater distance than 2 miles from the college, at any time whatever, during the continuance of the session." Whether permission was easily granted or tutors and proctors dodged is not clear, yet we have a most joyous picture of one style of recreation in Washington Irving's memoranda and in the quotations presented in Mr. George Wallace's "Princeton Sketches." Nevertheless the above rule was on the books till 1851. The students were cautioned against duelling and the same penalty held for that offence as for the third conviction of "playing at unlawful games (such as cards, dice or backgammon) or other gross immoralities or impieties." Sunday was to be more strictly observed for in 1819 it was decided that: "No student shall employ any barber to shave or dress him on the Sabbath nor shall any such person go into college on that day for any such purpose." Strange rules they sound to us when we remember that money for the college was raised not a quarter of a century earlier by public lotteries, and the record is found that the admiring concourse of friends and adherents of Nassau Hall, who were wont to

travel up from Philadelphia at Commencement time, was greatly decreased because of the "races that were held there that week," though the New Yorkers and Jersey people were present in great numbers. So festive and popular an occasion did it prove to be during the coming years, that finally in 1844 the date of Commencement was changed from September to June. Previously, as is said in Hageman's History of Princeton, "it was the great public holiday of the year, attended by thousands of people, many of whom took no interest in the college exercises but came for amusements and to see the sights. The town was filled with vehicles and horses and all classes of persons. The main street, in front of the college and church, was filled with booths and wagons from which were retailed liquors and refreshments. Politicians invariably made this occasion a time for political caucusing and electioneering in anticipation of the elections which came soon after that time. The old road, now Stockton Street, was on such occasions a race course, where the speed of horses was tried in the presence of a great crowd. Princeton Commencement was New Jersey's gala day—a day in the calendar by which time was calculated by the common people." The saturnalia of a county fair were repeated with their worst features, so that the minutes of trustees in 1807 show a resolution to the effect that "No person whatsoever be permitted to erect any booth or fix any wagon, for selling liquor or other refreshment, on the day of Commencement on the ground of the college, except on that part of the road to the eastward of the middle gate of the front campus." Dr. Maclean, in his history of the college, adds that "Eating and drinking, dancing and fiddling, playing for pennies and testing the speed of their horses were the amusements in which no small number of those who assembled on such occasions were wont to indulge. And when a lad the writer once witnessed a bull-baiting on the college

grounds while the exercises were going on in the church." Perhaps it was the spirit rife at this time that was thus shown, for stormy days of undergraduate rebellions and "barring-out sprees," together with the exploding of kegs of powder, euphemistically entitled "fire-crackers," marked the first quarter of this century. 'Twas Dr. John Maclean's exploits at this time in ferreting out the wrongdoers that won for him the title of "Nassau's expert nocturnal watchman." Indeed, the entire college sank low in the scale, and 'twas only in Dr. Carnahan's term of office that Princeton again took her rightful position. These ebullitions however, have been treated of in other places and we would speak only of the routine life of the student of a class in the twenties.

He came by stage to Elizabethport from New York, thence by ship to New Brunswick, and again by stage to Princeton, where he repaired to the President's study, and quaking with fear, was examined orally by the Faculty; once past the ordeal he secured his room in Nassau Hall and settled with the steward for his bills for the coming session. He found some forty men in his class and with them he soon became acquainted. Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry were the subjects of study, the last being first taught on this side the ocean at Princeton. There were no lectures and but one recitation a day, that at eleven o'clock. Morning chapel was at five in the summer and as soon as it was light in winter. To this exercise the men would spring from their beds and once over would return to sleep till the breakfast horn at eight o'clock called them to the refectory, a building corresponding to the present College offices, situated at the eastern end of Nassau Hall. Here they sat by classes in the dining hall at five long tables, at three of which tutors presided. As the board was only \$2.50 a week the food was barely passable. From nine till eleven

and, after dinner, which was at one, from two till five, the students were to be in their own rooms. Thrice a day tutors would go from room to room to see that all was right, but at night a walk around the building to see that all rooms were lighted was considered sufficient. The above custom was extremely useful, when an absence from town without Faculty permission was to be indulged in, for a light placed in the study window and an obliging friend who could disguise his own voice at roll call to answer to the name was all that was necessary to render the chance of detection at a minimum. In addition to the regular evening prayers was the speaking after it by members of all classes, though in Senior year a stated number of orations were delivered and the occasions were more formal, while the college band added to the enjoyment of the audience by tuneful interludes. Examinations open to Trustees, and even to visitors, were held twice a year, the first being in April, prior to the spring vacation of five weeks, and the second in September at Commencement time, when six weeks vacation ensued. Class feeling there was none, and aside from the excitement of hall campaigning—termed hucksing—bonfires, firecrackers, the stealing of signs and the more innocent exercises of walking or running, there was little to occupy leisure moments. The Library, indeed, was frequented, though to judge from the rules in force at the time one would say that the books were to be kept stored rather than used. Thus we find 'twas required that: "The librarian shall attend at the library one day in a week, at noon during the session to give out books to all who have a right to apply. No one shall keep a book longer than as follows, viz: a folio, six weeks; a quarto, four weeks; an octavo, two weeks, and every other book one week. No book shall be lent to any person who lives more than a mile from college." Books were precious articles and the flesh was known to be weak

in those days even as now. There were, too, the Hall libraries, somewhat meagre, however. Reference has not been made to the Halls so far, as their life has been so well recorded in Mr. Wallace's book that further comment is rendered superfluous.

Through the cold of winter and hot August days the preparations had been slowly progressing, and 'twas amidst the glory of the autumn foliage that the undergraduate laid his final touches upon the oration he proposed to rehearse on the Commencement stage; or mayhap 'twas a proposition, in Latin or English, to be defended, and the weak points were to be strengthened and the strong ones emphasized. Grand occasions were they, too; some of them ever memorable for the presence of distinguished men and women, or the graduation of some youth who in later years, amidst the cares of state or nation, might smile at his boyish polemics, but whose heart would thrill at the thought of the old days under the shadow of Nassau Hall.

Ye Lynde debaters, what think you of the question "Whether the Liberty of acting according to the Dictates of Conscience, in matters merely religious, ought to be restrained by any humane Power," so ably debated and won by the negative on November 9, 1748, or "Whether Noah's Flood was Universal," which was disputed in a "popular and pertinent manner" on September 30, 1762? 'Twas two years previous that Mr. Samuel Blair, in a "Forensick Dispute in English, in which it was held that 'The Elegance of an Oration much consists in the Words being consonant to the sense,' acquitted himself with universal applause in the elegant Composition and Delivery of his Defence." Fine speaking it was, too, though our modern Junior orators would scarce choose as a subject "The advantages of an active life," as did Mr. Campbell of 1771. 'Twas back in 1795 that James Tilton delivered "An Humorous Oration on the Order of Commencements,"

and thus became the progenitor of our long line of class-day wits.

Slowly one new fashion or another added to or took away from the old customs of Commencement time, yet the annual dinner of trustees and alumni dates back as far as any and shows to-day no signs of failing. We must fancy that 'twas with a memory of undergraduate mathematics that, upon the occasion of the celebration of our centennial, an honored alumnus arose at the great dinner and proposed the toast: "Nassau Hall and her Sons—The tie which binds her absent sons increases as the square of the distance."

The old days are passing back beyond the memories of our grandfathers, yet here and there may be seen the flash of Princeton spirit, illuminating all around, and would we but look more carefully there lie recorded in dusty volumes and tattered pamphlets the words and sentiments of men who, though of a century past, were loyal Princetonians, and who through glorious lives ever cherished the memories of the days they had spent "In Cap and Gown."

—*Alfred L. P. Dennis.*

NOTE.—The Elmendorf letters which have been so freely quoted in the above article were kindly loaned to the writer by Dr. Richardson of the Library, and appear in print for the first time.

SOME GOSSIP ON EARLY PRINCETON.

Of all the travellers who journey to-day between New York and Philadelphia, it is only the initiated who are likely to obtain a glimpse of the academic halls of Princeton clustered among the distant hills and trees. Far different was it a century ago. Ample time was given to

every passenger of the old stage coach to make a comfortable survey of the country and the privilege was fully appreciated. The tourists had a true topographical curiosity whose fruits are seen in endless diaries and journals, most of which were "first jotted down as mere personal memoirs with no thought of publication." Happily for us the authors' passion to enlighten the world overcame their modesty and we are the richer by a goodly library of "quaint and curious volumes," varying in their degrees of trustworthiness but always entertaining.

The first record which we have of sightseers in this region was made even before the time of stage routes. William Edmunston writes the description in 1675. The most important feature is that—

"Trees both on hills and plains in plenty be,
The long-lived oak and mournful cypress tree,
Sky-towering pines and chestnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar and the walnut tough."

"We were at a great loss," he tells us, "concerning the way, being all strangers in the wilderness. . . . We travelled that day and saw no tame creatures."

It was fortunate that he escaped at length to give us an account of his discoveries for our information regarding those times is meagre. The old-fashioned notion was still prevalent which is voiced by Gabriel Thomas, a farmer of this State, in a book published about twenty years after Mr. Edmunston's adventures.

"Courteous Reader, as yet I have given no Account of *East Jersey*, because I never was there, so cannot properly or pertinently speak of that matter."

Princetown, Prince's Town, or whatever else they were pleased to call it, was founded early in the history of the State, but it is not until later that we see in it anything of the Princeton of to-day. Professor Kalm, of the University of Abo, in Spanish Finland, who made a tour of America

in 1748 begins his account of this neighborhood with the remark that,

"We were always welcome to go into the fine orchards and gather our pockets full of the finest fruit, without the possessor so much as looking after it."

The resemblance in this case, to be sure, depends much on the reader's skill and experience in the matter named. But the likeness grows:

"About ten o'clock in the morning we came to Princetown, which is situated in a plain. . . . As these parts were sooner settled by *Europeans* than *Pennsylvania* the woods were likewise more cut away so that one might have imagined himself to be in *Europe*."

Which means, of course, simply that they were more civilized. To seal the identity it was raining when this ancient traveller came into town, and on that account he was "forced to remain until morning"—in Princeton without the College!

In 1756 the Trustees of the College of New Jersey voted "that the President move the College to Princeton, and that the expense thereof be paid by the Treasurer." Accordingly, late in the same fall, good old Aaron Burr and his seventy pupils took up their quarters in the spacious apartments of Nassau Hall. We may say in passing that the college was seemingly never fond of its chartered title. A few years before this, it had been familiarly spoken of as "Mr. Dickinson's Academy," while from now onward it was popularly known by the name of its principal edifice, until this in turn was superseded by the name of the town.

Many pleasant observations and accounts of the young but vigorous institution have come down to us from the latter half of the eighteenth century, more particularly from the last two decades. The old New Jersey stage route passed through Princeton and the coaches always

stopped here to change horses and sometimes to regale their passengers at one of the inns. This mode of travel had various inconveniences. No one appeared to regret the length of time occupied, but roughly made vehicles, bumping at no slow speed over stumps and stones, through sand or mud, up hill and down, can never be made strictly comfortable, and, if we may judge from sundry tales of woe told by the passengers, comfort was the last thing considered on an old-time stage coach. But the system had a striking advantage. Leisure was given, as we before said, for observation, and the time seems usually to have been well employed. It is with the aid of these gossippy travellers, mainly from foreign lands, that we wish to obtain a glimpse of some features of early Princeton and to gain an impression of the estimation in which it was then held.

Many of the sight-seers got but a glance at the town while horses were being changed, and leave few observations. An occasional word, however, is spoken, which shows the opinions they had formed by a passing view of the campus, augmented, perchance, by the reports which had been heard of the town's history or of the character and standing of the college.

Dr. Read, an eminent English divine, passes it with the remark that

"Princeton is situated in a pleasant part of New Jersey and is both rural and collegiate in its appearance."

A more extended account is given by Thomas Twinning, an Englishman whose fame was made in connection with the founding of the Indian Empire, and who visited America in 1795:

"In the morning we reached Princeton, another place . . . grateful to the recollection of the Americans. . . . Princeton possesses one of the largest colleges in the United States. Its situation between two of the largest cities of the Union appears favorable to such an institution, partic-

ularly as it is pleasing and salubrious. It is a large stone building not far from the roadside."

For a thoroughly intelligent characterization, however, we must turn to the pages of a certain Mr. John Davis, who made some "uncertain peregrinations" through the New World in the closing years of the century, and who modestly says of himself that, though he had had no educational advantages,

"I shall not fear competition with those who have reposed from their youth under the shade of academic bowers."

At first we supposed this to be a mere panegyric upon his own powers, but after some experience of the style and a glance at his opinion of the various schools, we concluded that it was meant also to deride the "academic bowers." After a night at Elizabeth, where pleasant dreams were from time to time varied by the howling of a dog,

"We arose without being called," he says, "and pursued our journey to Princetown, a place more famous for its college than its learning."

He was an Englishman, which fact explains some peculiar changes of sentiment.

"The road from Princetown to Trenton offers little matter for speculation. I know that in some places there were fought battles between the British and their revolted Colonists; but the recollection of it tends to no use, and I am sure it cannot be pleasing."

Compare his ideas on the subject when entering New York harbor, where he saw a British frigate:

"It was sunset, and the roll of the spirit-stirring drum brought to my recollection those scenes, that pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war that makes ambition virtue."

. And this is the sort of thing, mingled with odes on solitude, crickets and mocking birds, which he dedicates,

with high-sounding phrases, to Thomas Jefferson! But our duty is not with Mr. John Davis.

So came and went many a traveller, catching but a glimpse of the college and leaving but a note of its appearance or its fame. Many others, however, came to remain longer. Their home during the visit was usually one of the inns, the Red Lion or the Hudibras, Mansion House, Confederation, George Washington or Nassau Hotel, according to period, to chance or to inclination. A group of students was frequently on hand, enjoying a square meal on their last allowance or indulging in something which might comfort them until the next allowance came. Henry Wansey, F.S.A., who spent a day here in 1794, thus relates his experience:

"One of the young collegians supped with us; his conversation was, to be sure, not of the classic kind, but much, however, like one of our Oxonians. Bacchus and Venus were the only topics. He, however, informed us that a person could lodge and board well in that town for two dollars a week, though travellers and strangers were generally charged twice as much."

The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle gives a vivid picture of student conviviality a century ago. The coloring of the description may be due to its poetic nature, but in the prose notes to this admirable romance the authors assign a specific reason for the student's usual dissipation:

"For my part I cannot but attribute it to his becoming early familiar with the classic writers, particularly the poets, whose drinking odes and animated descriptions of convivial parties are enough to fire the imagination of youth with an irresistible desire of carousing it lustily."

Not to dispute such eminent authority, we would modestly state that a more rational explanation seems to us to be found in the hour of rising then epidemic in the colleges. At Princeton, morning prayers began at six o'clock, while at

Yale "the students rose at five during the summer months." At Harvard we should judge they rose at four, for while no mention is made of such inordinate breaches at the other institutions, there, we read,

"Even the youngest students chew and smoke, and smoke, too, before dinner. In the vicinity of the college boys may be seen, in summer, walking in cotton gowns and with cigarrs in their mouths."

By means of the inns, by the industry of a "Mrs. Priest, who kindly procured refreshments" when other places were forbidden, and through the liberality of the steward, the boys at Princeton were abundantly supplied with the stimulants necessary for their arduous labors and early rising. In 1807 the Trustees passed an order resolving "That the Steward shall not supply the students with cyder but may substitute *small beer* in its stead." The last clause alone saved them from rebellion. But that honorable body was not inclined to be strict on this score, as may be seen by looking at the elaborate bills for liquor at its dinners, with an added note, perhaps, of "tea for thirteen gentlemen."

In fact, the elders seem to have set the students no good example in this respect. Once, it is said, two of the boys' fathers were in town, and, old and young, all had a good time together. The Faculty, hearing rumors of exceptional hilarity, demanded an account of the night's proceedings. The explanations were in writing, and when opened in the august presence said simply, "Psalms cvi:6." In some surprise they turned to the Bible and read: "We have sinned with our fathers." Whether it was merely on account of the weight of authority or what not, at any rate it is said the case was pressed no further.

We do not wonder that the President sent a message home advising strict economy in supplying the boys with

pocket money, and we wonder less upon reading a few words by another traveller, John M. Duncan:

"A young man from Georgia, a student of Princeton, informs me that he spend during the first year upward of 350 £ sterling, and probably he was not singular in so profuse an expenditure."

But if we judge of the college by these reflections in the inns we shall form a very incorrect conception. Let us go in the morning, with the same Mr. Duncan, to the campus and to Nassau Hall:

"A college was founded here in 1738 which gradually attained to a highly respectable rank as a literary institution. . . . Were the institution founded upon a more liberal scale it is probable from its local advantages that its students would outnumber those of any other American college. . . . Princeton approaches as nearly to perfection as can be expected, and it has had the honor of sending out some of the most distinguished orators and statesmen that America has produced."

This at a time when the first remark of a visitor in a neighboring city was: "Good God, and is this Philadelphia of which we have heard so much!"

But there is some healthy scorn, too, for Princeton. Isaac Weld, who saw the country through dark glasses in 1783, expatiates after this wise:

"Twelve miles from Trenton stands Princeton, a neat little town, containing about eight hundred dwellings in one long street. Here is a college held in much repute by the neighboring States. The number of students amounts to upwards of seventy. From their appearance, however, and the course of studies they appeared to be engaged in, like all other American colleges I ever saw, it better deserves the title of a grammar school than a college. . . . An orrery out of repair is at one end of the apartment. At the opposite end are two small cupboards which are shown as the museum. These contain a couple of small stuffed alligators and a few singular fishes."

These, he adds, were also in bad repair. We sympathize with this complaint. May the time soon come when old Nassau Hall shall be assigned a nobler use than to serve as a receptacle for worn-out fishes and antique photographs of Adam! It, above all places else, should show forth the place which Princeton holds in the field of science, letters and philosophy, and the part she has played in the founding and development of this commonwealth.

But perhaps we are using too freely our gossip's privilege. The orrery mentioned above was one of the marvels of the day, "regarded by the learned and ignorant as the greatest mechanical contrivance of the world." It was simply a representation of the solar system, showing the size and motion of the planets, but it was universally held in awe and reverence. Speaking of the inventor's employment in a public office, Jefferson indignantly exclaimed: "Nobody can conceive that Nature ever intended to throw away a Newton upon the occupation of a clown. . . . The world has but one Rittenhouse. . . . The amazing representation of the solar system . . . has never been surpassed by any but the work of which it is a copy."

Pennsylvania and Princeton contended bitterly for its possession—Pennsylvania obtained a copy.

But there were many objects of interest in Nassau Hall. I should have liked most of all to attend *one* of the morning chapels. The boys then looked very sedate, though great difficulty was always experienced in making them wear their gowns. And the singing, too, even at that early date, was pronounced "as bad as the Presbyterians at New York," and this notwithstanding the fact that "care was taken to improve the students in sacred music." Chapel closed with an exercise by the Seniors, translating a few chapters of the Bible from the original into English. and then began the day's labor.

The curriculum work seems to have been performed

with much zest, and no artificial stimulants were desired. In 1782 Governor Dickinson endowed the prize known by his name, but the students objected to such competition, and after a few years of forced life it died a natural death.

But regular studies can never exhaust a student's energies. One means of diversion, if we are to believe the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D., was the Dramatic Association, which is a much more venerable institution than we had supposed :

"The library is small. . . . The only article worthy of notice was the orrery made by Mr. Rittenhouse. This is an elegant machine, and much exceeds anything that has been made in Europe. . . . I was much pleased with the hall and the stage erected for the exhibition. It is well formed for plays which are permitted here, and the dialogue speaking principally cultivated."

Attendance upon dancing school was forbidden (for reasons assigned), but the art was not forgotten, as we see in the record of John Melish, a traveller of 1806:

"We passed a small place called *Kingston*; from whence the road is much improved, and proceeds through a fine country, and by an easy ascent, about three miles, to *Princeton*, which we reached a little after dark. We should have stopped here for the night; but there was a *Commeucement ball* at the stage-house, and we were informed that we must move on to Trenton, albeit the night was wet and dark, and we were sufficiently tired. I was mortified at this decision, for I wished very much to see the ball.

"During the short time we stopped, I went into the ball-room, and almost the first object that saluted my eyes was Miss Gibbons, a dashing belle from Savannah. I thought myself at home. But I can't say I was as much pleased with the appearance of the 'fair ones,' as I was in Yankeeland. There was a great number of 'elegant forms,' and 'handsome faces,' but the dress was, generally speaking, showy, not neat—the indication of a bad taste; and the most of them had large three-inch diameter sort of

rings in their ears, called by some of the students, not inaptly, 'Cupid's chariot wheels.' Nor did the dancing please me. The music was a French cotillion to which they '*sprauled* and *sprachled*,' and *le tout ensemble* was the very contrast to those soul-inspiring reels and strathspeys, which animate our Scots girls, and set them in motion, 'their feet as pat to the music as its echo.' I entered into conversation with some of the students and young ladies who were bye-standers, who answered my inquiries with much affability; and I left the room with much regret when I was called to take my passage in the stage.

"Of the town of Princeton I could, of course, see nothing at that late hour, but I learned, that it is handsomely situated, on elevated ground from whence there is a very fine view, through a well-cultivated adjoining country. The number of dwellings is about 100, and the college is reputed one of the best seminaries in the United States."

Then there were always the Halls, ready at any time for a meeting or a scrimmage. Some laws also, respecting card playing and "jumping, hollaring or boisterous noise" in the building, lead us to suspect that the youthful spirits found various other means of asserting themselves. But at this time we read of no thunderous powder explosions in the hallways, nor unearthly rioting and wholesale suspensions such as characterized the second and third decades of the present century.

A congenial companion with whom to take a hasty glance at the college is the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited Princeton in 1795. He notes the size of the town, the beauty of the catalpas, and then continues :

"Princeton is celebrated for one of the most reputable colleges in the country. It contains from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty students who are sent from various parts of the United States."

In 1783 J. T. D. Smyth spent a short time here, and sums up his opinion briefly:

"At Princeton there is a college which is in a very flourishing condition and at the time one of the best in America. It was established by Governor Belcher in 1746, and has a power of conferring the same degrees as Oxford and Cambridge."

Henry Wansey, whom we met before at the inn, gives a more satisfactory description:

"At Princeton is a very handsome college; it is a large uniform brick building with two wings, one hundred and eighty feet long and fifty-four feet wide; over the centre is an elegant cupola; the entrance is by a flight of steps, and each wing has also an entrance; it has, I think, twenty-five windows in front and is four stories high. There are at this time ninety-five scholars, and many of the most eminent men in Congress had their education there."

The Marquis de Chastellux gives a more adequate account of the internal workings of the college in 1780; the last clause in particular we would commend to our "little Princetonians":

"Beyond Kings-Town the country begins to open and continues so to Princeton. This town is situated on a sort of a platform not much elevated, but which commands on all sides; it has only one street, formed by the high road. There are fifty or sixty houses, all tolerably well-built, but little attention is paid them, for that is immediately attracted by an immense building which is visible at a considerable distance.

"I dismounted for a moment to visit the vast edifice and was soon joined by Dr. *Witherspoon*, President of the university. He is a man of at least sixty, is a member of Congress and much respected in this country. . . . I conversed in French, therefore, with the President, and from him I learned that the college is a complete university."

The institution which these travellers looked upon appears small enough to our modern eyes; except for the houses of President and Professors there was only one building, but this, be it remembered, was a wonder of the

age. Men came from all places to gaze on its mammoth proportions, and for many years it was the largest edifice in America. The funds of the college were indeed meagre enough; as late as 1794 we read that the Faculty, finding their salaries insufficient for the support of their families, petitioned the Board for an increase, "in proportion to the augmentation that has taken place in the price of grain." But the moneys which the college did have represented a heroic amount of labor and diligence. For a while the lotteries did excellent service, but they ended with an unsuccessful attempt in Delaware about 1772. Then appeals were made in various ways for help, but the college rested mainly on private subscription. In 1804 an interesting deed was given. Noah Webster, "for the consideration of my love of letters and my particular desire of being instrumental in promoting science in my native country, and especially to aid an institution which I understand has little or no public patronage," made the following benefactions:

"On every thousand copies of my American Spelling Book which shall be printed in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the present term for which the copy is vested in me, my heirs and assigns, the sum of fifty cents to be paid by me, my heirs, executors or administrators, within the month of July annually; on every thousand copies of my American Selection, etc., etc."

Princeton has many close associations with the history of the country. It was primarily as a battlefield that many a traveller was interested in the town. Brissot de Warville remarks of both Trenton and Princeton that,

"They are too well known in the military annals of this country to require that I should speak of them."

He did, however, pause to observe that the farms were good, the roads bad and the inns unconscionable dear—the *farms*, we are told, have since changed.

The Marquis de Chastellux describes in detail the engagement here; we may note but the introduction:

"Our next day's ride presented us with very interesting objects; we were to see two places which will be forever dear to the Americans, since it was there the first rays of hope brightened upon them, or, to express it more properly, that the safety of the country was effected. These celebrated places are Princeton and Trenton. I shall not say I went to see them, for they lay precisely in the road. Let the reader judge, then, how much I was out of humor on seeing so thick a fog rising as to prevent me from distinguishing objects at fifty paces from me; but I was in a country where one must despair of nothing."

After describing the affair at Princeton he continues:

"Thus we see that the great events of war are not always great battles, and humanity may receive some consolation from this sole reflection, that the art of war is not necessarily a sanguinary art, that the talents of the commanders spare the lives of the soldiers, and that ignorance alone is prodigal of blood."

And there are many other associations linked to the old town and campus whose memory is ever dear. Dr. James Macaulay, a London journalist, who travelled through America a quarter century ago, made a short visit to Princeton.

"I must confess," he says, "that my chief interest in Princeton was not educational, and that I longed to see it more for its historical associations. . . . Altogether my impressions of Princeton as a place of study and of the learning and ability of its professors were of the most gratifying kind. But I carried away with still deeper feelings the impressions of the hallowed memories of the place. I went in the evening, with the President, to the cemetery of Princeton, and lingered there till light failed, to read the inscriptions."

But we have entered a new era; the days of Edwards and Witherspoon are become *only* "hallowed memories."

So farewell to our quaint old travellers, gossipy and inconsequential, frank and companionable and delightful. Perchance again we may meet and live with them sometime when we, too, linger at twilight amid the gravestones, or when the moon sheds its strange light through the campus elms.

—*John J. Mement.*

A PRINCETON BONFIRE.

Over one hundred and twenty years ago a number of students were gathered, one July evening, in a good-sized room in old North College, or as it was then invariably called, Nassau Hall. The apartment would have looked strange to our modern eyes, accustomed to luxuries, even in an undergraduate home, which were unknown to the most palatial residences of our colonial ancestors. The open fireplace on one side of the room, filled with green branches as it was, yet gave a somewhat bare aspect to the place which the paperless gray walls by no means tended to diminish. A square wooden clock, placed on the heavy stone mantel, ticked the hour of lecture or repose. A half-dozen of that peculiar artistic production known and admired at that time by the name of "miniatures," relieved the monotony of the walls, as much by the lustre of their little gilt frames as by the tinted cheeks of the subjects. The dress of the men there assembled furnished a more varied color scheme; and the long-tailed blue and red coats, worsted stockings and brown "shorts" which predominated would have excited more than the wonder of the present-day Princetonian.

But the party with whom we are concerned was

engaged in examination of none of these things, for from the agitated manner of some of the group an important topic was evidently under discussion.

"I tell you, Frelinghuysen," said a fine-looking young fellow with a piercing eye and full voice, "it is most shameful conduct on the part of the New Yorkers thus to recant their oaths."

"Gently, Brackenridge," responded the youth addressed, none other than Frederick Frelinghuysen, the future general and statesman. "Gently; there is no one here, I think, who will dissent from you in the main; it is only as to the remedy of such action that our views may differ."

"Nay, but I agree with Hugh Brackenridge," exclaimed a firm-lipped, active boy, who as Surgeon General Charles McKnight was later to attain a wide renown. "Of course it is as you say, that our reprobation here of deeds done in the outer world has no effect, and yet surely we are now preparing for action ourselves, and it is well that certain men may know the spirit that lives in Nassau Hall. What say you, Burr?"

"Why, I say yes, with all my heart," answered Aaron Burr. "I cry yes to anything which may annoy King George. I would this shilly-shally were over and that—" He stopped abruptly and looked about him with a keen glance, as if uncertain of the sympathy of his audience.

At that moment the door of the room was thrown open and a newcomer entered. A short, thin young fellow of about nineteen, with a high forehead and deep-set gray eyes, his rather pensive expression betrayed the poet, while the shouts with which he was greeted gave evidence of his popularity.

"Freneau! Freneau! Freneau, I say, have you heard the news?"

The future "Revolutionary Bard," who already had some reputation as a rhymmer, stood bewildered by the

clamor of varying questioners. "Too many birds sing at once," he answered smilingly. "Do you, Frelinghuysen, tell me what causes this uproar."

"Have you not learned of the action of the New York merchants?" inquired Frelinghuysen.

"Why, nothing of late," said Freneau, "since, owing to the unreasonable duties, the New Yorkers, along with the merchants of our other ports, resolved not to import tea or cloth from England, I have heard naught."

"It is that very resolution that they have now broken," said the other, "the news has but just arrived in the New York Gazette. And further, they have written a letter to the Merchants' Guild in Philadelphia asking them to concur in their new resolution to import."

"Have they done so cowardly a thing?" exclaimed Freneau.

"Yes," Brackenridge interrupted eagerly, "and Madison proposes that we should publicly burn the letter in the college yard, but Frelinghuysen opposed."

"But you are not fair, Hugh," replied Frelinghuysen with some heat. "I will not be backward if need be. I only thought our honored President would not approve."

"What think you James?" asked Freneau of a pale, blue-eyed boy who had sat quietly listening to the disputants. "You know Dr. Witherspoon better than any of us—would he consent to this burning?"

Young Madison, applied to thus directly, answered in firm, earnest tones. "Yes, I am most certain he will not only consent, but would have suggested it himself had he thought of it. Yet to ease the minds of all, if you desire, I will call upon him now and propound the matter to him."

This proposition met with general approval, and Madison, having first carefully arranged his academic gown, left the room and College on his errand.

The President's house was then the building now

occupied by the Dean, and thither the young Virginian directed his steps. He was soon in the presence of the worthy doctor, who although at that time nearly fifty years of age, had the vigor of carriage and speech suited to a man ten years younger.

With all the gravity and deliberation which the custom of the times demanded, and with voice subdued in reverential awe of the man in whose presence he stood, young Madison related the discussion which had taken place and his proposal in connection with it. He was not disappointed in the emphasis of the assent given to his plan.

"My boy," said the patriotic President, "our country is, I think, on the eve of great things, and what will be the outcome of all this uneasiness God alone knows. But if I have done or shall do anything, however slight, to instill into my young men the love of country and hatred of oppression I shall consider my years not ill-spent. Yes, destroy this letter, if you wish, and may it be only a small example of what you shall do when the hour is ripe."

So spoke the gallant Witherspoon, and it was but an augury of the brave words uttered by him six years later in the Continental Congress, when he turned the assembly, wavering between submission and independence, with these words: "That noble instrument, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in this House. For my own part, of property I have some, of reputation more. That reputation is staked upon the issue of this contest—that property is pledged; and although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I had infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hands of the public executioner than desert, at this crisis, the sacred cause of my country." Thus spoke Dr. Witherspoon in 1776, but in 1770 he was already fostering the patriotic feeling which was soon to glow so nobly in the lives of his sometime undergraduates.

James Madison, taking a respectful farewell of the president, hastened back to Nassau Hall, bearing the good news to his expectant friends.

"I felt sure of it!" cried Brackenridge, as he heard the stout words of the good doctor. "I firmly believe, if we should now resolve not to carry out our plan, President Witherspoon would force us to the undertaking. I submit that Frelinghuysen shall be leader in this matter and assign us each his part."

His suggestion was acted upon at once and Frelinghuysen, after a brief conversation with Madison, disclosed the plan more fully, and all arrangements were soon consummated.

"Before we separate," cried Aaron Burr, "let us have a poem from Freneau."

"Yes, speak 'The Boston Massacre.' Come, Freneau, a few lines only, for the curfew bell will soon ring," said the cautious Frelinghuysen, who as a Senior exercised great control over his associates.

By no means loth, Freneau arose and with a strength of voice and gesture unusual in one of his slight figure, declaimed the following lines:

"Ne'er shall these angry tumults here subside,
Nor murders cease, through all these provinces,
Till foreign crowns shall vanish from our view
And dazzle here no more—no more presume
To awe the spirit of fair Liberty,—
Vengeance shall cut the thread, and Britain sure
Will curse her fatal obstinacy for it.
Here independent power shall hold her sway,
And public virtue warm the patriot breast:
No traces shall remain of tyranny."

As Freneau finished the last swelling line the great bell in the tower above their heads began to toll the curfew. To the young patriots it seemed a fair harbinger of the spirit of their comrade's lines, and with a few final

words they departed quietly to their several rooms in the old building.

The next day at "four by the clock in the afternoon" a striking scene was being enacted in that part of the college yard now dignified by the name of the "front campus." Several rods distant from the steps of Nassau Hall a large fire had been built and was now burning hotly. It seemed strangely incongruous with the softness of the July afternoon, but the faces of the onlookers evinced only absorbed interest in the incidents about to take place. The gray-haired president and his slender faculty, poor in numbers but in learning rich, were standing, sympathetic spectators, at a little distance. Beyond them a crowd of wondering townfolk, old and young, many a fair girl as well as sturdy tradesman, were grouped in patient expectation.

But now the college bell began to toll with mournful, measured strokes, a wailing, ominous sound, portending destruction and disaster. Forth from the opened doors of Nassau Hall, with slow tread, came in stately rank the undergraduate body of the College of New Jersey. Two and two they walked, clad all in garments of colonial manufacture, and over all the black academic gown. They numbered "about an hundred and fifteen," and as they slowly advance let us glance at their scant procession with a more particular eye, and in the light of subsequent events foretell something of what these youths will be and do to make their names remembered.

Beside Frederick Frelinghuysen, afterward major-general and senator, walks James Witherspoon, a son of the president, and a young man of great promise; but like several others in his class he is to be cut off in his flower, for he was killed at the battle of Germantown in 1777. A tall, elegant-looking young man, just behind, is Gunning Bedford, a friend of Washington and future governor of the State of Delaware. Next to Bedford, Hugh Brackenridge,

a future noted wit, journalist and eminent lawyer, keeps up a series of comments and running sallies. Charles McKnight and Donald Campbell are in the same rank, the latter a colonel in the Continentals and a determined and desperate fighter. This slight, keen-eyed youth is Aaron Burr, later Vice-President of the United States, colonel in the army of the Revolution, the slayer of Alexander Hamilton, the attempted founder of a new empire, and the most fascinating man of the age. With him walks Samuel Spring, who carried his then companion from the field when wounded in the attack on Quebec. The great Federalist and twice President of the United States, James Madison, is accompanied by his close friend, Philip Freneau, the satirist of the Royalists and their cause. Light Horse Harry, then plain Henry Lee, is here present. He is to become Governor of Virginia in 1791, and it is he who in a funeral oration on Washington uses the famous words, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The kindly, open-faced boy beside Lee is Morgan Lewis, who is to defeat Burr in a gubernatorial election and become chief magistrate of New York State. But why continue so particular a scrutiny? That little body of one hundred students furnished many illustrious men to the service of our country. Such a body of great men for the numbers present has never been equalled in the history of the world.

Amid the continued tolling of the bell the procession advanced toward the fire and formed about it in a wide circle. Frelinghuysen, tall and dignified, stepped forward and first bowing deeply to President Witherspoon, said: "In witness of our hatred of unjust taxation and in testimony of our contempt for the base conduct of the merchants of New York, we do this thing."

At his signal four students carrying a bier, heavily draped in black, advanced into the circle. On the bier lay

a huge document—a copy of the letter from the New York merchants—by the students sealed in derision with the royal seal and covered with the hated custom stamps. Breaking the seals of the letter, Frelinghuysen deliberately read aloud the most obnoxious portions, this action being accompanied with jeers from the rest of the students. Then Philip Freneau, coming forward, recited a poem expressive of the common feeling. It was addressed to "Manhattan City."

"Fair mistress of a warlike State
What crime of thine deserves this fate?
While other ports to Freedom rise,
In thee that flame of honor dies."

As he finished, while the bell tolled still more strongly, Frelinghuysen cast the letter into the middle of the eager flames. In an instant it was an angry blaze, in another the very ashes were consumed.

"Thus may it be," said Frelinghuysen, solemnly, "to all who look back, having once laid hand on plough."

"Amen!" cried the brave old president. "Amen, and may guide preserve the right!" With these words the scene was over, and nothing remained but a memory.

But the memory is one that has endured a hundred and twenty-six years, and, as an example of the spirit which has made our country great, shall last as long again. For to him who reads of the early days of Nassau Hall, the conviction is irresistible that our country owes its present exalted position in great degree to the noble men who participated in the burning of the New York letter.

—David Potter.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

JANUARY 3, 1777.

In December, 1776, American affairs were in a desperate state. Many of the patriots were becoming disheartened and Europe, in so far as it concerned itself at all with an affair seemingly so important, had no other thought but that England would speedily and utterly bring her rebellious colonies to submission. Even such an ardent sympathizer with American freedom as Voltaire could write, "Franklin's troops have been defeated by those of the King of England. Alas! reason and liberty are but poorly received in this world."

Before the month had expired, however, things began to assume a more hopeful appearance and the capture of the Hessian troops at Trenton on December 26 raised all expectation among the Americans which found its fulfilment in the battle of Princeton and the eventual expulsion of the British troops from New Jersey. Washington, after taking the prisoners captured in this engagement to Philadelphia for safe keeping, returned and concentrated his forces at Trenton while the British troops along the Delaware retreated to Princeton.

Sir William Howe was sufficiently aroused from his lethargy in New York by these transactions to detain Cornwallis, who, confident that the backbone of the rebellion was broken, was on the point of sailing for England on a leave of absence, and send him to take command in New Jersey.

One of the first deeds of the British upon occupying Princeton had been to attack and ravage Morven, the home-
stead of Richard Stockton, one of the New Jersey signers of the Declaration of Independence, and it was here that Cornwallis made his headquarters while gathering his forces to march against the Americans at Trenton. When

his land reinforcements had arrived, on the morning of January 2 he set out, leaving only three regiments and a company of Cavalry behind him.

Washington receiving intelligence of the approach of the British, immediately placed the Assanpink between himself and them by occupying the rising extending eastward on the south side of that stream and guarded the bridge leading to his position, and the ford above it with artillery. To harass the advancing enemy he despatched strong parties under Gen. Greene, who spread themselves along the road at various intervals and fired upon the British from behind fences and hedges. Cornwallis encountered the first party of skirmishers near Maidenhead (now Lawrenceville); at Five Mile Run he was attacked by Hand and his riflemen, who disputed every step of the way; at Shabbaking Creek and again within a mile of Trenton he was brought to a halt by the skirmishers. Finally arriving at Trenton he attempted to cross the Assanpink, but being driven back with considerable loss decided to postpone the decisive engagement until the morning, and sent for Gen. Leslie's brigade from Maidenhead and the troops from Princeton to reinforce him.

Washington was now in an exceedingly critical situation. It was evident that if he remained in his present position a general engagement must occur the next day, and although the armies were of nearly equal size, each consisting of about five thousand men, the well trained British soldiers had a very decided advantage over the Americans, many of whom were new recruits only a few days in camp. With such forces and with the Delaware cutting off all possible retreat in the rear, a battle could not but have extremely disastrous results for the Patriots. To attempt to cross the river in the face of the enemy without an engagement would be as hazardous as a battle, and a retreat to Philadelphia would only bring the whole British force down upon that place.

A council of war was held and, judging from the size of Cornwallis' forces that only a small party had been left at Princeton, it was determined to circumvent his troops, attack Princeton, and if possible proceed against the well-supplied magazines at Brunswick or, if there was danger of pursuit, to seek the high ground at Morristown.

Washington, ascertaining through scouts that the road to Princeton on the south bank of the Assanpink was unguarded, soon after dark ordered the baggage to be silently removed, lighted camp fires to deceive the enemy and about one o'clock in the morning set out by what is known as the Quaker road, thus avoiding Maidenhead where Gen. Leslie was encamped. This Quaker road passes through Mercerville (then Sandtown), crosses Miry Run and upon reaching the southern loop of Stony Brook turns suddenly to the left and follows that stream on the Princeton side until it joins the main road from Trenton where it crosses the brook at Worth's Mill at the foot of what is now known as Millett's hill.

The whole American force followed this road until within half a mile of Worth's Mill when Washington with the main body of the troops took a more direct way to Princeton, to the right of the old Quaker meeting house, and ordered Gen. Hugh Mercer, supported by Captains Stone, Fleming and Neal with about three hundred and fifty men to follow the brook to the main road and destroy the bridge.

Thus far the British had been absolutely ignorant of the manœuvre of the American army. But as Mercer emerged upon the main road he was discovered by Col. Mawhood, who had just reached the top of Millett's hill with the Seventeenth regiment, a full mile in advance of the Fifty-fifth on their way to join Cornwallis at Trenton. Mawhood seeing this party of Americans in his rear, and rightly supposing them to be no stronger than his own

forces, recrossed the brook and forming a junction with a part of the Fifty-fifth regiment, determined to chance an engagement. Although the parties were about equal in number, the fresh British troops had at the start a great advantage over the Americans, cold and hungry and suffering from loss of sleep and the difficult eighteen miles march of the preceding night.

Immediately both parties rushed to obtain possession of rising ground to the right towards Princeton, west of the house then occupied by William Clark, which is still standing, situated a little eastward of the present turnpike. Mercer reached this elevation first and from behind a hedge fence quickly turned his guns upon the advancing British. The fire was immediately returned by the enemy who then charged with their bayonets, a weapon which the Americans did not possess. The patriots fired two more volleys then broke and fled, and the position was gained by the British. The American officers, however, unwilling to flee were left in the rear endeavoring to recall their men. In this manner fell, among other officers of much promise, the gallant Neal, who was in command of the artillery, and Fleming the brave Virginian Captain, and Haslet the fearless Colonel of the Delaware regiment. Gen. Mercer himself had his horse shot from under him at the first fire and thenceforth fought on foot, trying to rally his wavering forces. While thus engaged he was felled to the ground by a musket-blow dealt by a British soldier. Upon his rank being discovered some of the enemy thinking him to be Washington, cried, "The rebel general has been taken," while others running up to him exclaimed, "Cry for quarter, you damned rebel!" "I am no rebel," Mercer indignantly replied, and drawing his sword courageously fought his assailants until again knocked down, when being stabbed with numerous bayonet-thrusts he was left for dead. He was later carried to Clark's house where he died nine days after.

In the meantime the British had pursued the fleeing patriots until checked by the American regulars and a detachment of Pennsylvania militia under Washington hurriedly advancing to Mercer's aid, and who had forced their way in between the main body of the Fifty-fifth and Mawhood's regiment. The disordered Americans were quickly arranged in battle array. The Pennsylvania militia with two pieces of artillery, under Captain Moulder, formed a battery at the right of Clark's house, a quarter of a mile south of the scene of the first conflict. Mawhood immediately attempted to storm this battery, which began to waver, but Washington rode boldly out to within thirty yards of the British, where he reined in his horse with its head toward them just as both sides were about to fire, thus letting his men know that if they fled they would leave him to be captured by the enemy. The two sides fired at the same instant, and it was as if by a miracle that Washington escaped uninjured.

Mawhood being terribly harassed by grape-shot, and his repeated and courageous attempts to force the American position proving unavailing, he retreated before the advance of Hitchcock's and Hand's regiments from behind the American line, leaving two brass field pieces on the ground which for lack of horses the Americans were unable to carry off. Mawhood forced his way by the bayonet through the patriots who had almost surrounded him, and although some of his men were taken prisoners he escaped with most of his force toward Trenton and joined Cornwallis, who perceiving how he had been out-generaled by Washington, was hastening toward the sound of conflict. After the withdrawal of Mawhood from the field Washington pushed on toward Princeton, where a little southwest of the present Seminary campus he encountered a sharp resistance from the Fifty-fifth, which, after a spirited skirmish and some loss, was routed and fled, accompanied by

the Fortieth, which had not come up in time to participate in the battle, part escaping to New Brunswick and part taking refuge in Nassau Hall, which, deserted by the students, had, with the Presbyterian church, been used as barracks.

Washington drew up some cannon at a short distance from the Hall and commenced firing upon it. Only a few shots had been discharged when Captain James Moore, of the Princeton militia, with a few others, battered down the door and demanded the surrender of the troops within; and although many had managed to escape and had fled in disorder towards Brunswick, the rest surrendered.

It is said that the first shot fired at the college passed through the head of a painting of George II, which hung in the hall, but left the frame uninjured, and when Washington, in order to make good the damage done to the college by the cannonading, presented two hundred and fifty dollars to the trustees, from his private purse, they expended it in procuring a full length portrait of the commander-in-chief. It was executed by Charles Wilson Peale and placed in the identical frame which formerly surrounded the portrait of King George, and now hangs in the museum of Old North. It has at the right a somewhat conventional representation of the death of General Mercer, while seen in the background, through the smoke and confusion of battle, is Nassau Hall.

While the fighting about Princeton was going on, Cornwallis was advancing upon the town from Trenton, and arrived shortly after the surrender of the troops in Old North. He was suddenly brought to a halt by the discharge of an old thirty-two-pounder cannon placed upon a temporary breastwork near what is now the junction of Mercer and Stockton streets. It is this field piece which has played such an important role in Princeton college life as "The Cannon."

The British thinking that Washington had determined to make a stand, halted, and Cornwallis sent out reconnoitering parties, while a large detachment cautiously approached the fortification, intending to take it by storm. These movements occupied fully an hour, and they finally came up to the earthworks only to be mortified and chagrined by the discovery that as they had been planning an attack against an empty fort protecting a deserted town, for there was not a single American to be seen.

Washington with his little army and prisoners was far on his way towards the Millstone river, in hot pursuit of the Fortieth and Fifty-fifth regiments. He followed them as far as Kingston, where he called a hasty council of war, and although an expedition against the stores and supplies at Brunswick held out many inducements, it was thought wisest, in consideration of the exhausted state of the army, to destroy the bridge at Kingston, and by taking the road to the left at Rocky Hill, and thence by way of Pluckamin make for Morristown. The army arrived there that evening, and there Washington made his headquarters, whence he followed a system of annoyance which eventually drove the British from New Jersey.

After every soldier, American or British, had left Kingston, Cornwallis arrived upon the scene. His whole achievement in the battle of Princeton had been very like that of the redoubtable noble Duke of York, who marched his army up the hill, then marched them down again. Supposing that Washington had proceeded against Brunswick he forded the Millstone and hastened on.

Although the forces engaged in the battle of Princeton were small it was one of the most hotly contested encounters of the war, and in no engagement was the skill and valor of both sides displayed to better advantage. Nor can its importance easily be overestimated, for had Washington been defeated and captured, as would in all proba-

bility have been the case had he either chanced a battle at Trenton or continued his pursuit of the British to Brunswick, the speedy submission of the colonies must have followed. As it was, the brilliant tactics of the commander-in-chief, extending from December 24 to January 3 not only secured the immediate advantages of a successfully fought battle, but naturally strengthened the American cause by arousing fresh hope and enthusiasm in the breasts of the patriots, and by creating an interest and sympathy on the part of Europeans which did not wane throughout the war.

—*Laurance Foster Bower.*

NOTE.—The American loss, although it included such valuable officers as General Mercer, Colonels Haslet and Potter, Major Morris, and Captains Shippen, Neal and Fleming, was numerically small, amounting to only about thirty, while the British loss was about two hundred killed and wounded and thirty prisoners, among whom were fourteen officers.

ON THE CAMPUS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The eighteenth annual Commencement of the College of New Jersey was held on the twenty-fifth of September, 1765. Except for one circumstance it was in no wise a remarkable occasion. The exercises opened in the morning with an oration, followed by the customary debates, one that "dictamina conscientiae semper sequenda sunt" and one that "to play at cards or dice is never expedient or lawful." Two orations conclude the list of the morning exercises, and in the afternoon a similar program was pursued.

But one peculiar feature characterized the entire day, whose fame immediately spread over the colonies, and which will ever make that Commencement notable. If we

look more carefully at the list of exercises, a new light will be thrown on the proceedings. The morning's program was concluded by an oration on Liberty "pronounced with beauty and propriety;" in the afternoon the valedictorian began by an elegant discourse on Patriotism, and at the close of the day the graduating class delivered a "polite dialogue," again on Liberty. The spirit of the hour is evident, as a press reporter of the time says, "such a spirit of liberty and tender regard for their suffering country breathed through their several performances as gave an inexpressible pleasure to a very crowded assembly."

The college already manifested the thorough sense of patriotism which was to bear illustrious fruit before the century closed. And the students were not contented by mere verbal expression of their sentiments. The same practical spirit which later called these very men from pulpit, bar or counter to the field of battle, now bade them show their feelings by discarding English made clothing and appearing in garments woven and manufactured in America. The cloth was not as beautiful to look upon as the imported goods, but "we doubt not they made a much more decent appearance in the eyes of every patriot present, than if the richest productions of Europe and Asia had been employed to adorn them to the best advantage." Only a few days later, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, from which we copy these words, appeared in heavy black borders, a sign that its life was suspended as one of "the Effects of the Stamp, O! the fatal Stamp!"

The rural college is a world in itself, with its own problems and struggles, its own manifold fortunes and experiences. But it is by no means isolated from the great world without, and one may frequently read the nation's heart with utmost nicety by noting the index of undergraduate sentiment. Such, at least, was true of Princeton during the War of Independence, and every event of the

times was judged before the student tribunal, every phase of public opinion found expression in the various rites and riots of the campus.

All credit for this patriotic enthusiasm cannot be given to the students themselves. At the head of the institution was a man of heroic frame, large heart and powerful mind, who not only did much to direct the sentiment of his pupils, but who exercised an incalculable influence on the attitude and actions of the colonies all through those troublous times. John Witherspoon was a man of striking personality, attractive manners, as strong in satire as in eloquence, and known over the world as one of the leaders of the Revolution.

An incident of the British army on Staten Island gives evidence of the reputation which he held. Time was passing slowly, and as much for diversion as for satisfaction, the soldiers set up effigies of the three generals, Washington, Lee and Putnam, with Witherspoon in front laying down the law. To insure a complete success they coated the effigies with tar, but before the task was finished a thunder storm broke on them and they sought shelter in their tents. Returning when the rain had stopped, they gave Washington his coating and set fire to the party. All four burned cheerfully. At last Lee, Putnam and even the dignified doctor succumbed to the flames and ignominiously collapsed; but Washington stood firm. The soldiers were amazed, terrified; and it was many days before the superstitious Hessians were set at ease by the natural explanation that the General's effigy had been soaked by the rain while the tar had protected his companions.

Witherspoon exerted the greatest influence in shaping undergraduate sentiment, and the marks of his training are plainly visible in the students both within college and without. Our present interest, however, concerns only the student body, with some of their experiences and vicissi-

tudes during the war. And here again we meet with many remarkable personalities. Some idea of their stamp may be given by noting that of the one hundred and eighty graduates from 1770 to 1780, eight college presidents are recorded, four delegates to the Continental Congress, ten United States Senators, nineteen members of the United States House of Representatives, eight State Governors, one Vice-President and one President of the United States.

The first outbreak of which we have record, after the Commencement noted, occurred in 1770. Then, to the solemn tolling of the bell, the students burned a copy of the letter which the New York merchants had sent to the Philadelphians, requesting concurrence in their resumption of English importation.

A more spirited incident took place four years later, with a new generation of students, under new and happier circumstances. The troubles were by no means settled, but while before they had to mourn the unpatriotic flinching of their own countrymen, they now assembled to celebrate an uncompromising rebuke to the enemy. It was soon after the incident of the Boston harbor that the students' enthusiasm boiled over, and, with certain knowledge of the inevitable consequences for the winter, they raided the steward's quarters and carried triumphantly away the entire supply of tea. Without, all was prepared. A fine fire blazed in the middle of the front campus, and amid ringing shouts and cheers, the whole twelve pounds were merrily consigned to the flames. Meantime the bell tolled, but it had a much different sound from the last occasion, for it chimed in well with the cheers and with all the resolutions of loyalty which followed in patriotic profusion.

One of the trustees, hearing the uproar, rushed upon the campus to check the "riotous and unwarrantable" proceedings. The students were commanded and entreated

to put an end to their uproar, but all to no avail; the game was on. The censor, finding no reverential treatment, departed, and the tumult increased. With even wilder enthusiasm, an effigy of Hutchinson, the New England-born Governor of Massachusetts, was brought upon the campus. Excitement ran riot. A tea canister was tied about the poor Governor's neck and he also was given to martyrdom. The bell still tolled, the students shouted and carried unanimous resolutions, the fire burned, and Sam Leake, the leader of the night's performance, was the hero of the hour.

But effigy burning is a dangerous business—invariably! Leake was later appointed Latin Salutatorian of his class, but the trustees met, and asked in an uncomfortable tone, "Is not this he who led the 'riotous and unwarrantable' proceedings, resisting the commands of an honored member of this body?" And without waiting for an answer, they bade the faculty revoke the honor and bestow the laurels upon a worthier head. Such was the fall of Samuel Leake. But two years later every member of that board was a rebel against the Governor, with all that he represented, and many of them were Leake's fellow-soldiers in the war. The hero of the incident afterwards became distinguished at the bar and "an eminent Christian man."

The summer following this celebration Princeton was honored by the presence of John Adams. Everything was quiet during his visit, but from his remarks we can see the trend of feeling, both among faculty and students. He reached Princeton at twelve o'clock on the twenty-seventh of August, 1774, and dined at the inn. After dinner he walked with the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy over to the college, "a stone building about as large as that in New York." He then went to the President's house and drank a friendly glass of wine with Dr.

Witherspoon, "as high a son of liberty as any man in America." Sunday he "heard Dr. Witherspoon all day, a clear, sensible preacher." "The government of the school," he remarks, "is very strict and the students study very hard. The President says they are all sons of liberty."

For the next two years excitement gradually increased; it would be difficult to give any idea of campus life during this time. Celebrations and lawless riotings, we may be sure, were not infrequent, and the various feelings of triumph or indignation, which swayed the country, found readiest expression among the boys in college. On the ninth day of July, 1776, the enthusiasm reached its height. Word had come only a day or two before that independence was proclaimed, preparations had meantime been made and now, on the same evening when Washington read the Declaration to his troops at New York, the students and townsmen of Princeton united to celebrate their independence before Nassau Hall. It was not a time of disorder and confusion; Old Nassau was illuminated in every window, and with great solemnity the Declaration was read. Three volleys of musketry rang out upon the air and three resounding cheers followed for the prosperity of the United States. This was all: the occasion was too momentous for hilarity, and with mingled feelings of gravity and rejoicing the audience departed.

From now onward the students conducted themselves with more decorum than had been known for many years. It was but three months until the enemy came into dangerous proximity to the college itself, and it was feared they could not long remain in safety. Their forebodings were well grounded, and on the twenty-ninth of November, 1776, their fears were realized. One of the students has left an account of the event:

"Our President, deeply affected at this solemn scene, entered the hall where the students were collected, and in a very affecting manner informed us of the improbability of continuing them [our delightful studies] longer in peace, and after giving us several suitable instructions and much good advice, very affectionately bade us farewell. Solemnity and distress appeared in every countenance."

And so the college was suspended.

From now until the end of the war Princeton was the scene of continual riot and ruin. First the British soldiers took up their quarters in Nassau Hall. They did not, however, remain long, and on Sunday evening, the first of December, Washington led his troops to Princeton and quartered them in the college building. He stayed but a week and gave place in turn to Cornwallis, who, leaving New Brunswick on the same day on which Washington left Princeton, stationed his large body of troops in Nassau Hall and the Presbyterian church. No property was held sacred. The Hall was torn to pieces, the furniture and library completely destroyed, while the church suffered no better fate, having its benches burned as firewood. For four full weeks this work of destruction continued; the whole town was ransacked, the college buildings almost ruined, and the President's scientific garden utterly demolished! We may say in passing that though to the other things a time of revival ultimately came, the scientific garden never again attained unto its pristine splendor.

Finally came the battle. On the third day of January the British were routed from town and college and what dignity the old Hall had maintained through the depredations of the Hessian soldiers fled before the cannon of the American army. A sad sight indeed were the college grounds when that night closed in, but those who looked upon its ruins had a noble consolation in the victory which had been won.

For a few weeks now the building was deserted, but toward the close of January Putnam occupied it with a body of American troops. Sullivan was the next occupant and through a great part of the war it continued to serve as barracks, hospital and prison.

Meantime the students were far scattered. Many were serving in the army, many were at their homes. But in reality the college exercises were suspended; but a short time. In 1776 no diplomas were granted but the graduates of that year were given their degrees by a resolution at the next meeting of the trustees, held at Cooper's Ferry, May 24, 1777. Another resolution of interest was passed at this meeting:

"AGREED, That if the enemy remove out of this state, Dr. Witherspoon is desired to call the students together at Princeton, and to proceed with their education in the best manner he can, considering the state of public affairs."

Accordingly, the college soon resumed work and no year passed during the war without a graduating class. At times the number in attendance did not exceed ten but either Dr. Witherspoon or Professor Houston was always present and much of the time both were at their regular posts.

The story of the struggle for revival is long and tedious. At one time the "very existence of this useful and benevolent institution" was in danger and Witherspoon, the arch traitor, actually made a tour through England in the interest of this "cradle of dissention." It is not surprising that the tour did no more than pay its expenses. In 1782 the college buildings consisted of Nassau Hall, the President's house and a dwelling for the steward. Old North was still in a dilapidated condition. In the lowest story one room had been fitted up for the grammar school and another for a dining room. Above this, rooms had been prepared for the students, who num-

bered about forty, and the rest of the building was uninhabitable, except two small rooms on the top story, one of which Clio had repaired for her use in the preceding winter, and one which was restored by Whig during the summer.

But though barren, Nassau Hall was not dreary. There was only a small number of students, but every one was an enthusiastic patriot and no form of celebration was left unattempted. Cheers and processions, gunpowder and bonfires, every means of making a noise and raising a disturbance was used to evidence their elation. No pretext was too slight to call for a rousing celebration, and day and night were often made alive by tumult and illumination upon the campus.

On several occasions the Legislature of New Jersey met here, but especially was the Commencement of 1783 an event long to be remembered in Princeton. The National Congress that year sat in the library of Nassau Hall and during their session the annual Commencement exercises were held. Congress adjourned to attend. Upon the temporary stage which had been erected in the church sat an illustrious body of men, among them Washington, Witherspoon, and two foreign ministers. Ashbel Green, afterward President of the college, was Valedictorian, and at the close of his oration made an appropriate and touching address to Washington, who is said to have colored deeply at the speaker's words. On the next day the General met the Valedictorian in the college, paid him some compliments in turn and desired him to present his best respects to his classmates.

Washington evidently received a favorable opinion of the college, for before leaving he made the trustees a present of fifty guineas, which that body, with excellent judgment, appropriated to a painting of Washington himself.

Nassau Hall at that time presented no fine appear-

ance. The outside was wrecked by charges of artillery and the interior was blackened and broken by smoke and axes, while the campus before it was desolate and barren of trees. But already it was held sacred as the centre of Revolutionary struggles, and visitors from foreign lands, as well as from neighboring States, delighted to look upon its weather-beaten walls or to stand under its roof and live in the memories which it recalled. So now, though it may be far from the most beautiful of our buildings, it will ever remain the dearest and the most revered, as its sombre dignity reminds us of the thrilling story of its life.

An old traveller, after a day spent on the campus and the battle field of Princeton, tells us that as Addison in visiting the mountains of Italy ever imagined that it was classic ground upon which he was treading, so he felt that all his steps were upon martial ground. And to-day, with Princeton's literary associations, with the memory of her achievements in letters, in science and in philosophy, we may surely unite these sentiments and imagine that every spot is both hallowed by the blood of patriots and made sacred by the footsteps of the great men and good who have lived among these halls or have gone forth from them to achieve fame in the world without.

—*John J. Mement.*

GLIMPSES OF PRINCETON IN FICTION.

The chief charm of any institution over which many years have rolled consists in the numberless associations which must inevitably cluster around it. This is particularly true of any seat of learning. For among the hundreds of young men who from year to year crowd the academic halls a few are destined to occupy such places of honor and trust in their country that will render the abodes of their early years both interesting and historic. Thus on the one hand there is sure to grow up with the development of an ancient institution a great mass of historical facts and associations which are the delight of both antiquarian and sightseer. Of course we of America can boast of no places which can in any way be compared to those monuments of the past which dot England and the continent of Europe. Only the lapse of centuries can make valuable much that we possess. But there are many places scattered throughout the United States which have no reason to be ashamed of the historic associations which cluster around them. In this respect Princeton is particularly fortunate. Through the influence of that great personality, Dr. Witherspoon, many of her graduates of colonial days played an important part in the organization and development of our government, while her geographical position compelled her to assume a most important role during the War of the Revolution.

But it is not only historical associations which make an old foundation attractive. If we love Oxford for the great part she has played in English history, we love her none the less because she suggests to us such old friends as Pendennis and a host of others who after all have no reality. Nay, more, we almost instinctively associate Rugby with Tom Brown, or the Charter House with Clive Newcome. No sooner has an institution gained a distinctive

historical position than it begins to find a place in contemporary fiction. So one who would feel the spirit of a past age is more apt to find it in the pages of some novel than in an array of bare facts, be they never so exhaustive. For this reason any glimpses we may get of Princeton in the pages of fiction are an invaluable aid to a just appreciation of her history.

Cooper alone of the early novelists of our country has essayed to give us a little glimpse of the college as it was viewed by the Colonists in its very earliest days. In *Satanstoe*; or, *The Littlepage Manuscripts*, we are introduced to a solemn family conclave (a Colonial picture of the many which have followed it), on the relative merits of Yale or Princeton. Coney Littlepage is to be sent to college, and the question arises where shall he go. The rector of the neighboring parish of St. Jude rather makes fun of all the American institutions, and says that "none have as much learning as a second-rate English grammar school." The Colonel, a worthy, old-fashioned Dutchman, is quite rampant in his dislike of Yale. "Dey all breaches and brays too much," he says. "Goot men have no neet of so much religion. When a man is really goot, religion only does him harm." This unique argument, coupled with a disgust of "der horriple English," won the day, and to Nassau Hall at Newark, Coney went.

We are told very little of his life at Newark. They evidently studied in those days and were exceedingly proud of their superiority over Yale in the possession of a valuable edition of Euripides, a form of contest which has been superseded in our more enlightened time by foot-ball.

Such is the little imaginative glimpse which Cooper gives us into the early years of Princeton. Little as it is it is much more refreshing than the adventures of Mr. Christopher Katydid, who almost a century later became a student at Princeton and went through his heavy round of stupid experiences.

Concerning what the students really did with themselves during the fifty or sixty years after the college was regularly established here we do not know. We have to satisfy ourselves with one or two glimpses. *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*, by Jas. K. Paulding, which is partly quoted in Mr. Wallace's *Princeton Sketches*, shows us the students engaged in an amusement not wholly extinct in our own day.

"Around the table's verge was spread
Full many a wine-bewildered head
Of student learned, from Nassau Hall."

While Irving, in the undeveloped notes of *The Stranger in New Jersey, or Cockney Travelling*, remarks on the peculiarities of the students in the following pithy sentences:

"Princeton—College—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire and burned out the professors; an excellent joke but not worth repeating.—Mem.—American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story not at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw ten at the tavern who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper and d——d the professors for nincoms. N. B. Southern gentlemen. Commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New York, Philadelphia and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English. . . . Students can't dance—always start with the wrong foot foremost."

The fact that Princeton figures very largely in the first volume of *Mr. Christopher Katydid* is our only excuse for mentioning it at all. The tale, to describe it in the words of its author, a Mr. Mark Heywood, is "a diverting story of individual experience in matrimony, woven in with historical and descriptive sketches."

The story is so unreal and the characters so poorly drawn that the fairly accurate description of the scenery around Princeton (or Carrolton, as it is here called), alone save it from being absolutely foolish. While in Carrolton Mr. Katydid falls in love with a maiden he has saved from drowning in Stony Brook and whom he meets by appointment in such a romantic spot as Lovers' Lane. Finding that his room-mate is likewise smitten by the same fair one (Miss Graffington by name), the following remarkable conversation ensues:

"Draw up a julep and cigar," quoth Jack, "I must congratulate you on your approaching marriage."

"Now, to be serious," quoth Harry, "I'm to be married next week. I wish you to stand up with me."

"With pleasure," quoth Jack.

"By heavens, old fellow, this is noble in you!" exclaimed Harry. "Unfortunate circumstances once made us rivals, but now, thanks to God, we are warm friends as ever."

"Noble Harry!" exclaimed Jack, embracing his friend. "History does not record such disinterested magnanimity. I will be your friend to death."

"Thank you, dear Jack," quoth Harry. "Miss Graffington cannot help loving you as a brother."

Surely this is enough. But as we have already said, the book is not wholly useless. The descriptions of the old town with which we are so familiar are sometimes very good, and after a perusal of this work we cannot but look with more interest on the "broad, old-fashioned street," "the blue hills of Navesink," "the grand trees that have grown up with the fortunes of the republic since colonial times," or that "plain white structure of wood fronting the street on one side and the campus on the other." To be sure, the character of Mr. Christopher Katydid does not add much to the fictional associations of these familiar spots, but it cannot fail to turn our attention to their beauty, or to permit

our minds to repose in those historic scenes to which these landmarks have been silent witnesses.

But thus far none of these works mentioned could be called distinctively Princeton fiction. It has remained for Mr. Baker, a member of the class of 1846, to give us a very detailed picture of Princeton life as he knew it between the years 1840 and 1850. To be sure, even here Princeton only figures as an incident, and the chief object of the book seems to be the portrayal in not very flattering terms of that strangely incongruous modern product known as the "popular preacher." However, Princeton figures so largely, and the descriptions of the place itself and the surrounding country are so minute, that we would seem justified in calling it a Princeton novel. To one who has just risen from a perusal of *Mr. Christopher Katydid* it is a great temptation to overestimate the true worth of *His Majesty Myself*. But the accuracy with which the scenes and famous personalities of that day are described is greatly to the credit of this latter book, and there are those now living who can easily identify many of the characters. Thus we are told that the Dr. Stormworth of the story is a very true portrait of the famous Dr. Alexander, whose old residence has now become part of Evelyn College. Prof. Rodney, with his thin lips, dark eyes and pale face, into whose class room we are given a little peep when poor old Grumbles "flunked" and little Guernsey "stumped" the professor for vengeance, is undoubtedly a picture of Professor Dod, who was for so many years professor of mathematics at Princeton. Old Dr. Joseph Henry, one of Princeton's most famous scientists, lives again in the Professor Joseph of the story, while Dr. McMasters is only another name for that "refined and accomplished Christian gentleman," Dr. Miller. Tradition tells us that even our old friend James Johnson is not neglected, but figures as the Caesar Courteous who was so nearly taken back into slavery. Even many of the incidents

are said to have actually occurred, and one finds but little difficulty in identifying the various localities. The old familiar walk to Kingston becomes much more interesting to one who has read this novel. There stands the old church, "the mother of all the Presbyterian churches in this vicinity," where Dr. VanDyke ministered for so many years, and one can almost picture the old house where Miss Rachel passed so many sad and uneventful years with those nieces whom she so little understood.

Since the publication of *His Majesty Myself* there has been no distinctively Princeton fiction except the *Princeton Stories* of Jesse Lynch Williams. They are, however, suggestive of one fact. To the undergraduate of to-day who reads these stories it must be perfectly apparent that the time they deal with and the customs they commemorate, recent as they are, have already become a part of the past. We of to-day are living in a period of change. The cane spree at night in front of Witherspoon, hazing with all its pleasant and unpleasant associations, the abandon and comradeship which the smaller classes made possible, the absence of cliques—all this is fast disappearing before the ravages of the University idea. It is this very fact which will make the Princeton stories of great value to all who are interested in Princeton. It is such attempts as these stories of Mr. Williams' that we would like to see repeated. Here the graduate of many years standing can live again in the days of his youth. The world at large may call them slow, but on those of us who have the inspiration of Princeton life such pictures can never pall.

It is for this reason that we dare to hope for a larger and more varied assortment of Princeton fiction in the future. Thus with the history and achievements of the University there would grow up an imaginary Princeton where from time to time one could resort and breathe the atmosphere of different generations of undergraduates.

—Roland S. Morris.

EDITORIAL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following men have been elected from the class of Ninety-seven to constitute the LIT. Board for the following year:

ARTHUR W. LEONARD, Managing Editor.

PERCY R. COLWELL,

CHARLES F. DUNN,

ROBERT O. KIRKWOOD,

WILFRED M. POST,

FREDERICK R. TORRENCE.

We regret to announce the resignations of L. F. Bower '96 and F. C. McDonald '96 from the Board.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

The time has now come for us to write our parting words, and it is only with a feeling of inexpressible sadness that we do so. The day of execution is fast approaching and we speak our "last word" in these pages as we prepare to leave the life—the Princeton undergraduate life—we love so well. We must give up to our successors the keys of the old office, and bid farewell to the work which has been of such interest and pleasure.

It is no time for vain regrets, though many might well be expressed. We have made our mistakes, and no one is more aware of them than ourselves. Yet in justification of one point we wish to speak. We had hoped to make the entire year one of distinctively Princeton literature. To do this would have necessitated the expenditure of an enormous amount of time and labor in original research

and careful writing. The routine work of the magazine in the meantime, we had trusted, might be accomplished by those trying for positions on the board. That our expectations were not fulfilled our readers are well aware, consequently a small portion of what we had planned to do in a year has been condensed and all too carelessly presented in the present issue of the magazine. We say this, however, with no desire to discredit those who have been elected to conduct the LIT. for the coming year. We believe that the LIT. will by no means suffer in their hands, and that a very successful term of office awaits them. This statement is solely made to explain why the outline of work laid down in our salutatory has not been followed more closely.

The year has been one of marked progress on the part of the *Princetonian* and the *Tiger*, and we wish to write our words of congratulation upon a work well done.

The conventional phrases which have been turned and varied by successive boards seem to us tame and forced when we realize that this is in reality our last issue. We must crave from the reader a kindly insight and appreciation of the fact that we are writing with a hand no less trembling than that of a year ago, then in fear of the unknown, now in regret that the known is gone forever. We have left much unsaid that we fain would speak now did time and space permit. The editorials of the year have dealt with subjects distinctively *Princetonian* to a greater extent than has been usual in the past. It is impossible for us to feel that this has been a mistake, for we have never read the title of LIT. in any other way than with "Nassau" as its first word. We trust that in the future the LIT. will ever speak for Princeton, and that, profiting by the errors of the past year, the coming boards will progress to a far higher standard of literary achievement.

PRINCETON IN THE "LIT."

The precedent of past years has been disregarded in the publication of this, the April number. We have endeavored to substitute for the ordinary table of contents one which, while exclusively by editors of the magazine, is illustrative of the policy and spirit of the present board. The *LIT.* has never been enough of a college publication. Though we by no means wish to slight the more conventional types of undergraduate literary contributions we can not but feel that a great deal of energy is wasted in following the ordinary lines of the essay and story. It seems to us to be admirable training and often of some real value, yet we have realized more and more during the past few weeks, while we were preparing the articles which appear in the present issue, what a mine of wealth at our very doors has been neglected by all save a few. The literary quality of the work done for the magazine would be of a far higher grade were the inspiration of a Princeton subject added to the technical ability. It is also true that the *LIT.* would be read more generally throughout college were the undergraduate to find in it articles which particularly appealed to him. The mission of the magazine is to maintain the spirit of literary achievement and endeavor among the undergraduates. No better way can be found than to also seek to portray Princeton life and spirit, her men and her ideals, both of the past and the present, upon the pages of the *LIT.* As has been said elsewhere, it was our hope and intention to do so, and our great regret is that we have not succeeded. In the present issue we have not contributed to Princeton literature any very original or valuable material. We have only endeavored to lay open to future writers for the magazine the deep veins which are at their feet. The attempt is not to present a detailed correct history of the college, nor again to cover in general the entire field. If we can arouse the undergraduates to the fact that there is an

opportunity before them for original historical and artistic work surpassed in no other direction we shall feel satisfied.

Mr. George Wallace's "Princeton Sketches" is a most interesting little book, yet we fear there are many men in college who have not read it. What was done so admirably by him has by no means exhausted the subject, and, though at the risk of becoming tedious, we have occasionally quoted from him, we have done so only to render the present work a little more connected. There remains on the surface enough material in mere facts to furnish essays for the LIT. for the next two years, and our story writers have for the looking an inexhaustible wealth of situations and anecdotes, with "local color" and well-known scenery to draw upon.

We trust that the last number of our volume will be read not to discover the mistakes, nor to secure any absolute knowledge which, without investigation, will be accepted as infallible, but to serve as a sign board pointing out the paths of fascinating literary and historical work opening in all directions, with rich reward of pleasure and inspiration to be gained at every step. As such we have no hesitation in presenting the number to our readers.

THE TRUSTEES AND THE ALUMNI.

The dangers which confront any self-perpetuating organization are those of ultra-conservatism or those which arise from a lack of appreciation or information of the sentiments and desires of that body of individuals who are the most interested in the decisions and actions of the organization. Whether this generalization applies to the Board of Trustees of Princeton we do not pretend to state. It is far from the wishes or intentions of the undergraduates to ever depreciate by word or deed the high estimate placed upon the wise policy of the Board in the past; nevertheless

we feel that a suggestion is well in order which, if carried out, will enhance the efficiency of the work of the Trustees to a great degree, will bind them closer to alumni and undergraduates, and will give a new and powerful significance to the phrase "our College." We advocate in behalf of a large majority of the alumni and undergraduates an increase in the number of the Board, the new members to be alumni elected for a stated term by alumni at their annual meeting during Commencement week. We believe that the election of four men in this manner will result in an added strength to the membership of the Trustees; the men being naturally those in whom the greatest confidence is felt, and who, sensible of the responsibilities of their office, will enter heartily and zealously upon the performance of their duties. Furthermore a change of this sort will bring about a sympathetic exchange of ideas and a greater community of wishes between two such influential organizations as the Trustees and alumni of Nassau Hall. It is somewhat difficult to realize how far-reaching the effect of such an action would be. At present there is a feeling that the Trustees are a body somewhat beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. Their actions are never to be questioned, nor are explanations of their various decisions even to be expected. It is thought to be asking too much that the dignified and stately gentlemen who several times a year are seen making their way toward the Library should ever concern themselves with the very practical and mundane affairs which to younger alumni and undergraduates seem most important. That they often do so is certainly true, yet the lack of sympathetic accord and united labor for Princeton's best interests is very marked. The view point to be the clearest and most far-seeing must be taken only after an examination of various positions and a testing in different atmospheres. A greater acquaintance with the desires and feelings of the alumni and their presenta-

tion by those accredited to do so would certainly give a broader basis upon which decisions could be made.

A step of this kind would give to every man who claimed Princeton as his *Alma Mater* a feeling of proprietorship and of actual practical responsibility in the work of guiding the policy and progress of the institution so dear to the hearts of all.

We trust that this very brief resumé of the question will encourage discussion and that eventually the desired change may be effected.

PRINCETON CONSERVATISM.

Princeton is justly proud of her past. She looks back upon a noble history and her sons rightly trust that old principles and traditions shall be preserved to form the foundation of her future growth. But in one's very strength is frequently found his greatest weakness and, in the conservative spirit which happily characterizes this institution, a dangerous tendency is actualized.

To-day, perhaps more than ever before, there is a demand for men who are free from narrowness, who live in a large world, with a large horizon and wide sympathies, liberal as well as thoughtful, broad as well as deep. This form of statement has become trite, but no more trite than it is self-evident that the present methods of Princeton are in one respect radically false. It was the peculiar boast of the original trustees that they had placed the college upon "the most catholic foundations;" in these latter days there has been a sad regard of the principle of catholicity. By virtue of its situation, Princeton is free from the marked provincialism of New England, of the South, and of the West, but she can never hope to realize the breadth and liberality which should characterize a great institution of learning until the doors of the faculty are thrown open more freely to the graduates of other universities.

Look for yourself over the list of the faculty and you will be amazed at the proportion of our own alumni ; omit the scientific men, as the school here is so young as to have been unable to supply professors, and the proportion becomes overwhelming. It is nepotism in its most pernicious form. Instead of filling the highest positions with men who have attained eminence in foreign lands or in our own country, men who have shown themselves worthy of such honor, Princeton pursues, almost without exception, the public school promotion method ; not only is the faculty over-burdened with Princeton graduates, but men frequently attain to positions where they have no proper place, and the little tutor, who obtained his appointment through a year's work for a fellowship, if not by less dignified means, looks complacently forward to the day when his superiors will be retired and he shall stand as the proud head of his department.

Perhaps the truth of this is more evident within the class-room than without, but certainly the system is wrong, palpably wrong, and its prevalence in other of our great American universities is no excuse for its existence here.

—*Alfred L. P. Dennis.*

GOSSIP.

This is the place * * *
 Let me review the scene
 And summon from the shadowy past
 The forms that once have been.

—Longfellow.

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad tho't to the mind.

—Wordsworth.

The days of our youth are the days of our glory.

—Byron.

Sad thought ! which I would banish,
 But that I know where'er I go
 Thy genuine image * * *
 Will dwell with me to heighten joy
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

—Wordsworth.

So it is Spring once more. The Gossip could scarcely realize it as he strolled across the campus and listened again to the twittering of the birds, the monotonous hum of insect life and the soft murmur of the blossoming trees. How fast this year has sped and how different this spring, which is to some of us the last one ! For three years we have heard the Senior singing as we have lain on the green grass under the tall elms, and during that quiet hour at the close of the day, with the cheery songs only now and then dropping to the minor key ringing in our ears, we have dreamed our dreams and lived in the hopes and plans which imagination so easily built. But it is so very different now. That time which to us as Freshmen seemed so far away is here, and in the gathering twilight we find *ourselves* sitting on the old steps guarded by the familiar lions, singing the same songs that have been handed down from class to class. What a strange host of memories crowd in upon our minds at these times. We recall now the first night when, as a united class, we gave our first ragged cheer. Many of the details of that eventful night are blurred and indistinct, but even now we retain a vivid impression of that first clash around the cannon—how we pushed and shoved and struggled. But we came out of that a class, and the suc-

ceeding years with their small worries, with their supreme pleasures, have but knit us more closely together. Slowly memory carries us through those various periods of Freshman year as, little by little, the strange faces of our classmates become more familiar, until our loneliness is cheered by a few close friends. Each year of college has its own peculiar pleasures and enjoyments, and perhaps it is unfair to compare them. But there is a charming newness and unfamiliarity in Freshman year which certainly makes it (in the retrospect at least) both exciting and interesting. How we recall those opening nights when we crouched in our rooms, with shutters fast, and listened tremblingly to the sturdy tramp of the Sophomores or the shrill "Lights out, Freshmen!" which came to our ears from the street below. The man who volunteered to go around the corner and get some grapes or a jug of cider was a veritable hero in our eyes, and on his return we listened to the recital of his adventures with rapt attention. It was thus that the Gossip was wont to muse during the hour of Senior singing. But on this evening he left the steps early, lit the old pipe and walked over toward Dickinson Hall. There are some of us who are apt to neglect the associations which gather around that ugly old pile. We grow enthusiastic over the history and memories which cluster around Nassau Hall, covered with its class ivies—we look longingly at the familiar landmarks of our rooms, and think of the approaching time when they must be torn down—these are the old worn and dusty mementoes which had so much meaning once. To appreciate the varied activities and pleasures which college affords one has only to study the decorations painted on the walls of an average college room. Perhaps you stand on one of these hot afternoons in front of the mantel glass and study the varied assortment of cards and remembrances which decorate its sides. There is a crumpled dance card which you captured at your first Junior Prom. You recall now as you stand there what an awfully good time you had. You had a dance with her just before supper, you then persuaded her to cut the next and then the following one, and finally you got her dance card. You don't remember now how many dances you spent there or what you talked about, but you do remember that it was all very pleasant sitting there in the window, breathing the cool air and listening in a dreamy way to the music, which sounded ever so distant. But where is the owner of that dance card now? You even forget who she came down with. So it is with us here. We meet so many people just for a minute and then they are gone. No doubt we are changed just a little each time, but somehow they do not seem to make much impression on us. There were plenty of other souvenirs. Perhaps it is a little clipping mentioning your name in connection with an honorable mention in Hall, or an election to the Freshman Cane Committee. You remember when you pasted that there and then sent five copies of the *Princetonian* home. You smile cynically as you think of it and light another cigarette. There are so many things

which remind you of those high ideals you had in Freshman year. You were going to do much—win prizes in Hall, stand high in your class—O, ever so many things, and what has it all amounted to? A little better knowledge of pool and poker, a greater familiarity with the weed that charms, and a remarkable ability to find channels for the distribution of wealth. But the Gossip thought little of this as he stretched himself out on the grass near Dickinson and listened to the sound of the singing in the distance. He mused rather on the hours he had spent in there, the examinations which he had tried to pass, the monotonous round of recitations he so often hated. How pleasant it all seemed now that it was over. Even that dark evening when he pushed across the almost deserted campus and entered that dimly lit room to remove his first condition was not an unpleasant memory. How serious it seemed then! The severe professor over in the corner, the long list of questions of the blackboard, of which "you will omit one, please," the few unfortunates scattered here and there throughout the room—how vivid the impression. Then there are memories of those winter days; a dark hot room, an atmosphere heavy with clouds of chalk dust and the old steam heater playing an incessant tattoo. Then it was that we threaded our way clumsily through the pages of Herodotus or the unthinkable concoctions of Conic Sections. Perhaps now we take the dusty old books from the shelves where we jubilantly placed them at the end of the year, and how little they convey!

"Yes," said the Gossip aloud, as he affectionately surveyed the old pipe, "the class room seems only a miniature copy of our whole college life. As in the class room so in our college life, we do our tasks, we make our mistakes, we stumble awkwardly through our problems. And above all our bluffs and guesses sits that cold, machine-like professor, typical of those who had gone before, and were now somewhat cynically watching our childish struggles. The class room which taught us so much which we forthwith forgot seemed useless enough."

"Yes," gurgled the pipe.

"But we were learning," continued the Gossip, "perhaps unconsciously, and we are better prepared now to face the sterner duties of life because we have made our mistakes here where they count for so little, and learned our faults before it was too late to correct them. And when we have finished we take our seat with the mechanical 'sufficient—next!', ringing in our ears."

There was a pause in the Senior singing. Then joyfully the opening notes of the old college hymn rang out:

Tune every heart and every voice,
Bid every care withdraw.

The Gossip stretched himself. "The parting with these may be sad, but after all it's been great, hasn't it, old man?" (he was addressing the

pipe). "We've had a pleasant time, we've stored our minds with a host of happy memories, we've made our friends, and—well, we're ready to start again in a little larger sphere."

"Three cheers for old Nassau, my boys. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" rang out the chorus on the steps. "We'll give our three cheers, won't we? We'll bless the good fortune that gave us these four years. We'll join in that parting cheer which, though sad, is still filled with promises of the future; in fact, we'll make the best of it now, and ——" The Gossip stopped suddenly, for the pipe had gone out.

—*Roland S. Morris.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

How very much a man's mere reputation in literature counts among readers—even educated readers. Almost every one remembers the childish dread with which he first approached Scott and Dickens, solely because some immediate ancestor or maiden aunt said they were standard! Indeed, there are many children of a larger growth who to this day carefully eschew all perusal of Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Jane Austen as stupid, whose only knowledge of their work lies in the fact that they are long—*Middlemarch* with its eight hundred pages is an undertaking—and that Aunt Somebody or other recommended them as beneficial brain food! These same readers—or rather non-readers—eagerly seize upon a new novel of Hardy's, Caine's or Barrie's, quite forgetful—unthinking, rather,—that they are perhaps in the course of time to lead some "standards" of the future.

Mr. Howells suffers a great deal of neglect on account of his representation. He has taken such a decided stand for truth—as embodied in the commonplace—that readers who have never looked inside of "*The Lady of the Aroostook*," or "*A Modern Instance*," or "*Annie Kelburne*" turn up their noses, smile superior smiles when one confesses to be reading "*Silas Lapham*" or "*An Imperative Duty*." "He is so stupid!"—and all the eulogy you may care to devote to Mr. Howells is unavailing. Even one's best friend fears his taste is degenerating, and picks up "*The Red Cockade*" or "*A Lady of Quality*" and settles down to solid enjoyment.

After all, Mr. Howells is true in his devotion to truth. Of course his life, in his novels, seems unexciting. But in "*April Hopes*"—or was it in "*A Woman's Reason*?"—he allows himself the excitement of a shipwreck some five thousand miles away; and there is plenty of tragedy in the death of Mr. Nevil in "*The Shadow of a Dream*." His view of character seems to be entirely Bostonian, or at least of New England extraction, and the Venetian flavor is strong, but after all is Mr. Howells not as broad, as true as Jane Austen, whom it is the fashion to place among the "saints" of realism.

Mr. Howells' truth is not morbid. We have no miasmatic atmosphere, as of "*Jude the Obscure*," no lurid coloring, as in "*The Maux-man*." His is a quiet assemblage of men and women, more or less ordinary, who fall in love and marry, or don't marry, after the manner of everyday life.

And it is the morbid in fiction that is especially abhorrent. A uni-

versal shudder was the result of "Jude the Obscure"; almost universal condemnation. Morbidity is untrue. And it is to be regretted that the morbid has crept into college literature. Youths who have seen a little of New York or Chicago, with a reminiscence or so of Paris and Vienna, write us stories of young girls betrayed by monsters, whose trusting and faithful swains are involved in the meshes of fate, and die with the maiden, meanwhile left forlorn, and the wicked man triumphs. There may be instances, but we doubt whether it is generally true, and all the art or volubility in the world can't redeem a story of the sort from the putrescence with which it and its writer are redolent.

But fortunately the morbid and unhealthy has not yet won a strong hold upon college literature. Meanwhile it is the duty of every whole-souled college man who writes or who reads to nip its growth in the bud. Let the undergraduate magazine be fresh, open, optimistic. Let us have real life and romance. Mr. Howells and Mr. Haggard, if you will, but deliver us from the pangs of a "Jude the Obscure."

—Francis Charles McDonald.

BOOK - TALK.

IN GENERAL.

"To do the office of a neighbor
And be a gossip at his labor."

—*Samuel Butler.*

"O book! O rare one!
Be not, as our fangled world is, a garment
Nobler than it covers."

—*Shakespeare.*

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once; (good aims not always make good books);
* * * moral books

Exasperating to license; genial books

Discounting from human dignity;

And merry books, which set you weeping when the sun shines."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

This is a windy day; fluffy, white clouds float endlessly across the sky, and the light and shade of the campus green may be taken to represent, among other things, our mood in looking over the month's collection of books.

A glance at the covers gives one a pleasant impression of the reviewer's task. Whatever may be said of the authors, the publishers of the present day know how to make books. An earnest student of our acquaintance assures us that the artistic qualities of a cover should not affect the reader's idea of the contents. Then we're heterodox. We like pretty covers and neat type, and good workmanship in this respect materially influences our literary delights.

But inside! Briefly, from our investigations here we have deduced the following sage maxim: If you have nothing to say, don't say it, no matter how well you may be able to do so. Concerning those who have neither form nor content it is unnecessary to moralize.

However, we would not imply that all the covers are artistic or all the books lacking in merit. There is plenty of variety in each. Our works on biography, science and such sensible matters are much stronger, as a rule, than those of fiction and poetry. (If this violates any well-recognized laws of political economy, we are sorry.) No poetry of extraordinary merit has lately been published. Fiction, though reckless in

its profusion, has been more fortunate, and at times presents a work of strength and genius.

Such a work is **The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane. It is a book of unquestionable power. The author's descriptive qualities are wonderful. Kipling himself does not surpass him in his masterful use of words and his power of making a scene live before one's eyes. He is no less remarkable in his portrayal of human emotions and the artistic effect is marred only by an unwarrantable use of profanity. As a young writer he gives great promise, and if he but learns to subserve his descriptive powers to plot and character development he will undoubtedly make a novelist of the first rank. *The Red Badge of Courage* gains an especial interest from the novelty of its field, treating more elaborately than has been before attempted the intense emotions of a man under the varied circumstances of war. The pictures are universally pronounced vividly realistic, and when one considers that the author has never seen a battle field his success must appear like inspiration.

A writer of fiction, whose place in the world of letters has already been won, is Marie Corelli. That she has a standing in the literary sphere and a certain following, is undeniable, and to those who enjoy the Duchess, Ouida and that school, Corelli's †*Cameos* will come as a welcome addition to their library. These stories, however, have not the merit of much that the author has previously written, and personally we have no love for this general style of bombast and blushes.

Robert Barr is another writer whom we have known before and whom we have enjoyed. In *the Midst of Alarms* we read with pleasure, and anticipated a similar treat in ‡*A Woman Intervenes*. We were disappointed. It is poorly written; the characters are mere word phantoms with no vitality; the plot is improbable and thin, and altogether we think it too bad to surround such good illustrations with such poor writing.

Another book, lacking in literary qualities, is H. A. Guerber's ||*Legends of the Rhine*. In fact it does not profess literary qualities; it is a mere compilation of Rhine legends told in bare outline, with no effort at artistic excellence. As a compilation it is only fair, but it may be of use and interest to many, in presenting briefly and compactly a host of half mythical old tales, grown up through the centuries about those romantic places.

* *The Red Badge of Courage*. By Stephen Crane. [New York: D. Appleton and Company.]

† *Cameos*. By Marie Corelli. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.]

‡ *A Woman Intervenes*. By Robert Barr. (New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

|| *Legends of the Rhine*. By H. A. Guerber. (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company.)

Nature sketches have become a well recognized department of our literature. The work of Wordsworth is consummated in the love for nature which is now a part of our very being; his glory is lessened by our inability to understand how rivers could ever have been mere irrigation canals and mountains useless impediments to commerce. But we are still fastidious as to how it is served. These prose rhapsodies must have either the light touch of the poet or the abounding information of the scientist, and Rowland E. Robinson is neither a VanDyke or a Burroughs. The various papers of his * *New England Fields and Woods* first appeared in *Forest and Stream*, and their gossip, rambling talk is pleasant and refreshing despite its limitations.

These sketches hold the merit of brevity in common with Louis Becke's stories in † *The Ebbing of the Tide*. But while we are quite willing to ramble at this season through our own fields and woods, we no longer have any passion for the tropics, and if we do consent to go, we call for a better guide than Mr. Becke. The plots are dramatic and the incidents striking, but the work done upon them is not good. They are based upon the characters and manners of the South Sea Islanders, and are, for this reason, interesting, but not, for this reason, any more artistic.

Most of all we miss the tropical atmosphere and in an artist's ability to catch and paint the spirit of a scene his power is often made most evident. Contrast Kipling's ‡ *Jungle Stories*, charged with the very heat and odor of the Indian Jungle. Kipling is a word painter of rare brilliance. His scenes and characters all have individuality and life. His imagination is bold and virile and his stories masculine and strong. The fact that he never sacrifices vividness and force to beauty very seldom detracts from the beauty, and we all like the rough flash of his poetry the dashing confidence of his prose. The interest of these stories turns mainly upon the strange relationship between the man-child and his wild companions. It is with a sigh of regret that we read the valedictory: "And this is the end of the Mowgli Stories." But Mr. Kipling has a fair share of good Saxon sense mingled with his genius.

For children, also, is an exquisitely bound || volume of poetry by Edith M. Thomas. When one contrasts the present with the past he involuntarily congratulates the childhood of to-day on the abundance of literature written for its enjoyment. But like the *Jungle Stories* and

* In *New England Fields and Woods*. By Rowland E. Robinson. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

† *The Ebbing of the Tide*. By Louis Becke. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

‡ *Second Jungle Book*. By Rudyard Kipling. (New York: The Century Company.)

|| *In the Young World*. By Edith M. Thomas. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

many another children's book, *In the Young World* well merits the attention of older people. These poems are not equal to some of the author's former work, but they deal very charmingly with child thoughts and dreams and actions. "The Village by the Lake" awakens a tender chord in every heart:

"How is it now when the slow morns dawn
And up through the trees the smoke is curled,
To say that man wakes and the night is gone—
How is it in the old home world?"

The poems are simple and unpretentious, nor would we claim for them any great genius, but there is certainly something in them peculiarly sweet and appealing.

Far from the sphere alike of child-play and of poetic leisure is a *biography of George Leslie Mackay, for twenty-three years a missionary in Formosa. The book was composed, from various notes and observations of Dr. Mackay, by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Considering the method of production, the book has a style of remarkable grace and force. "The vigor, the boldness, the Celtic enthusiasm" of the missionary's language have been preserved with telling effect. Dr. Mackay was educated at Toronto, Princeton and Edinburgh, and his life has been one of great success and interest. This biography, now issued in its second edition, is alive with all the excitement of his life, and also treats entertainingly of Formosa and the life and customs of its people.

A biography of more literary merit is Albert H. Smyth's †contribution to the "American Men of Letters Series." The volume opens with a brief treatise in behalf of the literary activity of Pennsylvania, and then proceeds with its proper subject, the life and work of Bayard Taylor.

No member of the old school of American writers claims more of our sympathy than does the subject of this work. From his youth he was imbued with a passion for travel, and his works are full of the cosmopolitan spirit which characterizes contemporary literature. His life was one of great variety and constant activity. Added to the interest of the narrative, is the charm of his personality and together they lend a peculiar fascination to the biography. Mr. Smyth has done his work well; he gives a faithful picture of the man, with his greatness and his failings, and makes a careful estimate of his works, only tinged by a pardonable extravagance of laudation.

The latest addition to the "Heroes of the Nations Series" is a ‡biography of Lorenzo de Medici, by E. Armstrong of Oxford. It assumes

* From *Far Formosa*. By George Leslie Mackay, D.D. (New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.) \$2.50.

† Bayard Taylor. By Albert H. Smyth. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

‡ Lorenzo de Medici. By E. Armstrong, M.A. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

too much knowledge, on the part of the general reader, of the strange period which it covers, a fault to which historians are much inclined in brief works. But it tells its story well, in a simple, entertaining style, and is careful and accurate in its statement of fact.

It is an easy task to write such biographies as these, in comparison with the life of a character like Joan of Arc. Legends had begun to gather about her within a few days of her sudden rise to glory; but there are usually well defined methods of detecting them, and in the "biography before us the wheat has doubtless been carefully separated from the tares. The subject is treated broadly, including Joan's life, a survey of the condition of France and an account of the circumstances of the war. The style is simple and clear; the judgments sensible and impartial. The work is of thrilling interest, as, indeed, it could not well avoid, dealing, as it does, with one of the most romantic lives and fascinating characters of modern history. The leading question of Joan's inspiration is left open, and in an appendix the author demonstrates that the answer depends principally on "our beliefs concerning inspiration and insanity in general."

There will be less historic doubt concerning the inspiration of Mary Berri Chapman. A number of the poems, in her †*Lyrics of Love and Nature*, have real merit, but the effect is rendered less happy by the liberal mixture of verses which should never have risen above the newspaper stage. The beauty of the poems is in their freshness and healthy emotion, and they usually fail when they try to be ingenious. In expression, they err mainly in a complexity of structure entirely at variance with their simplicity of sentiment. Their melody is not remarkable, but they are much more musical in the half-conscious harmony of "In Memoriam" than in the barbarous mechanism of "The Yellow Butterfly." The former is one of the best poems of the collection, filled with genuine pathos and tenderness:

"O life of my life, although time dries the tears,
I love thee and long for thee still through the years;
In the day or the night wheresoever thou art,
I love thee and watch by thy grave in my heart."

A volume of lyrics in the same vein as these, published a century ago, called forth the following criticism: "Those who are sometimes disposed to amuse themselves with trifles light as air may find some entertainment in this volume." The present reference, however, is to a work of fiction, ‡*The Light that Lies*, by Cockburn Harvey. It should

* Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

† Lyrics of Love and Nature. By Mary Berri Chapman. (New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

‡ The Light that Lies. By Cockburn Harvey. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

be said that this light "lies" in woman's eyes, though if the word be understood in another sense no serious mistake will be made. In fact there is nothing serious in the book; it is amusing, racy, frivolous and reminds one forcibly of *The Dolly Dialogues*. The hero is a young man of more good nature than good sense and more sentiment than honor. We can enjoy the book without going so far as to give it our approval.

After reading the bright pages of *The Light that Lies*, the humor of **The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty* appears a trifle heavy. It is by the author of *A Social Highwayman*, and its nature may be inferred from the title. A social belle wearied of her reign, retires from high social circles, gets into several difficulties, including a love affair, turns good and—but of course you must not be told how it ends. The Beauty did not prove a great literary success, for the style is broken and ungraceful, the story not of great interest nor strength. The writer finds society's foibles, but she is more anxious to make the picture effective than truthful; which is a grave fault in an autobiography. We admit the custom.

†*The Captured Cunarder* differs in that it has neither truth nor effect. It is a wild piece of extravagance concerning the impossible adventures of a dashing Irishman with unbounded energy and no sense. The book is ridiculously lacking in romantic atmosphere. It reminds one of early efforts at the supernatural, with helmets and hands suddenly appearing in space, no more having weird surroundings than an ordinary court-yard and everyday sunshine.

Ralph Adams Cram has just issued a ‡book of ghost stories, where the atmosphere might profitably be made somewhat creepier. The plot never quite escapes the sunshine, and we feel that we are being hoaxed, which is not a pleasant feeling even in ghost stories.

We like ghost stories, and are obliged to Mr. Cram for frankly labeling his production on the title page; it increases the pleasure of our anticipations. But in the very first tale we are disappointed. It reminds us too vividly of Crawford's *Upper Berth*, and ghosts are such pliable creatures, offering such unlimited range for action, that it is too bad to go over old ground. The style is poor, at times execrable, but then, of course, they are ghost stories.

More stories with a large supernatural element are ¶*The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales*, by William Sharp. The most extreme instance of

**The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty*. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.) 75 cts.

†*The Captured Cunarder*. By William H. Rideing. [Boston: Copeland and Day.] 75 cts.

‡*Black Spirits and White*. By Ralph Adams Cram. [Chicago: Stone and Kimball.]

¶*The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales*. By William Sharp. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball.)

spookiness is "The Graven Image," wherein extraordinary things happen and the story suddenly closes, leaving us with a Lady or Tiger sort of feeling which is neither amusing nor comfortable. The author is so overcome by his feeling of modesty that he almost invariably calls in an outsider to tell the story. We wish next time that he would be more careful in his choice of narrators. The vocabulary is limited and the stories have no other value than the interest of the plot. Even in this respect they make no startling success, and to their other crimes add that of being mournful and unhappy.

Sad stories may be given such accessories, in the form of setting or character study, as to make them enjoyable, but misery *per se* never throws us into raptures of bliss. In this we differ from the author of **Garrison Tales from Tonquin*, who apparently kills off his heroes simply for the fun of seeing them die. At times he tries to be thoughtful and oftener to be dramatic, but fails in both; to be logical and to obtain unity of effect he never attempts.

Another book of no remarkable success is Earnest McGaffy's † *Poems*. But we cannot blame the author. An old refrain, it seems, troubles his breast; "Still must I sing, still must I sing." His ambition to "write some lines that will not rust" may some day be fulfilled. Just now it is not. The poems are neither thoughtful nor imaginative, and certainly not melodious. A few of them, however, are pretty, and if a dainty little volume of forty pages had been issued, containing a judicious selection, Mr. McGaffy's name would have been more honored.

A volume of verse which has at least the merit of originality is ‡ *The Black Riders*, by Stephen Crane. This is not prose and assuredly is not poetry. Even the fact that it is all printed in capitals cannot make us forget that it has neither rhyme nor rhythm. The expression is conscientiously abrupt and ungraceful, but it is bright and striking and compresses a vast amount of pessimism into a very small space. Part of it is absolute nonsense, perhaps all of it, but we like it notwithstanding. You may do as you please.

Bliss Carmen writes less erratically, and his § latest volume we could wish even more conventional than it is and less ambitious for originality. We still prefer the old stanza structure to these new and ingenious but very unmusical forms. For example :

* *Garrison Tales from Tonquin*. By James O'Neil. (Boston : Copeland and Day.)

† *Poems*. By Earnest McGaffy. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

‡ *The Black Riders and Other Lines*. By Stephen Crane. (Boston : Copeland and Day.)

§ *Behind the Arras*. By Bliss Carmen. (Boston and New York : Lamson, Wolfe and Company.)

"Some quiet April evening soft and strange,
When comes the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be with all I was before,
In death once more."

Then, too, the poet has sought a change from his former sphere of poetry and we would enjoy further excursions to the broad and breezy highlands where his muse is so much at home, more by far than these glimpses into the dim regions of the unseen.

The general tone of *Behind the Arras* is subdued and sad and the book is full of strange shapes and fancies. The most striking poem is "The Red Wolf," which sustains throughout an impressive style and a tragic weirdness of expression which we enjoy, despite the fact that we have not much idea as to what it means. There is an occasional burst of melody in the poems, with an air of youth and freshness, but on the whole, the book is disappointing.

* *The Supply at Saint Agatha's*, by Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, is a story verging on the poetical. An elegant edition has just been published, artistic in illustration and general make-up. The story merits the elegance. It is a beautiful little tale and the emotional element is especially powerful. The subject is not the easiest to treat artistically, but Mrs. Ward has succeeded much better than in her latest work, *A Singular Life*, to subserve the sermon to the story, the ethical to the aesthetic.

From other causes than moral intent, writers are inclined to forget the prime object of art. A master chooses a painful subject and produces a pleasurable result; the disciple is likely to forget the object in the method. It is not an easy thing to translate pain into pleasure, and though many have sinned worse in this respect than Louise Guiney, her style seems so much better suited to gayer moods that the defect is aggravated. † *Lovers' Saint Ruth's* contains four stories of considerable merit; as "apprentice work," (for so they are acknowledged in the preface), they are good. The language has an individuality and is usually excellent; the descriptions are beautiful. The tales are, however, garrulous, and at times show other signs of immaturity. The following scene is between two lovers:

"Slowly between her and him, transubstantiating her touching beauty, gathered a solemn, changeful, wavering cloud-splendor of ivory, rose and sapphire, gathered out of the land of myths into recognized and unforgotten fact."

We have several works of fiction before us of fewer positive virtues

* *The Supply at Saint Agatha's*. By Elizabeth Stewart Phelps. [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.]

† *Lovers' Saint Ruth's*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. [Boston: Copeland and Day.]

and much more commonplace. **The House of Cards* is a short novel by Alice S. Wolf, issued in the Peacock Library. It is a work of no merit, excessively poor in diction, style and matter, with a hackneyed plot and poorly-drawn characters.

A more skillful work is Rosa Carey's latest novel, †*Mrs. Romney*. During the first chapters, while Mrs. Romney's case is still brewing, the interest is maintained by the love affair of her sister-in-law, and even when Mrs. Romney attempts to absorb attention it is Elsie who still has our affection. None of the characters are remarkably fine, but they serve the purpose of the plot, and though the chief motive proves inadequate to the demands made upon it, the story is yet interesting and thoroughly "safe."

A book lacking Rosa Carey's spontaneity of expression is ‡*A Fight With Fate*, by Mrs. Alexander. It is a tale of English life, wherein several strange events occur; the leading characters all find themselves related, the old man's wishes are ultimately fulfilled, his niece marries properly, and the land is shared equally and happily by the rival claimants. All this is fortunate, but the characters lack the individuality even of *Mrs. Romney*. The plot hangs on them, however, with no striking misfit.

§*A Mighty Atom* is another novel by Marie Corelli. It differs widely from many of her other works and, in so far, gains in tenderness and sincerity of feeling. Some of the child-scenes are charming, and Lionel's character is truly pathetic, with his ceaseless questionings, his brief, sad life and sadder death. But of course Corelli is in it all, and the leopard can never change its spots.

The charms of "the novel with a purpose" have been buffeted around for several decades. At the opening of *A Mighty Atom* the author openly avows her intention of attacking another sin, this time in the shape of Progressivism in matters of religion. ¶*Paul French's Way*, by Jennie M. Drinkwater, is another novel with a moral. But there is a difference. This is a "Sunday school book," and that fact is carefully labeled on every page. Quotations, italics, morals and all, it is intended to do good. We wish it well.

A novel with no lesson to teach is ¶*A Lady of Quality*—we hope it

**The House of Cards*. By Alice S. Wolf. [Chicago: Stone and Kimball.]

†*Mrs. Romney*. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.]

‡*A Fight With Fate*. By Mrs. Alexander. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.]

§*A Mighty Atom*. By Marie Corelli. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.]

¶*Paul French's Way*. By Jennie M. Drinkwater. Boston: A. J. Bradley and Company.]

¶*A Lady of Quality*. By Francis Hodgson Burnett. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] \$1.50.

also will fulfil its purpose. And yet we are not sure but what a judicious mixture of Clorinda Wildairs in our live Little Lord Fauntleroy would be a good thing for the little lords. *A Lady of Quality* is the sensation of the month. From most writers we would not be surprised, but a fast young lady, who does several immodest things in her youth, who has a devil's temper, and in later years kills one of her lovers—all this from the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, amazing! But not so amazing when we reflect that it is from Mrs. Burnett.

The book is written in the Queen Anne style, of which it makes an indifferent success; especially in the first half, the tone is coarse and the character drawing too much after the manner of the essayist. But these faults are gradually overcome, in a much more natural way than that in which the heroine is transformed from the untrained companion of stable boys to polished and unexceptionable womanhood. The book has an air of freedom and strength; it is intensely interesting, done in strokes which, though they may err upon the side of too great boldness, at least escape the prevalent evil of refined weakness and non-entity.

The science of Psychology has not ordinarily been of any great service to our mental development. Perhaps it approaches the practical side as nearly as anywhere in the recently developed theories of Attention. A translation of Ribot's *work on this subject has been issued in a new edition. Ribot is, as ever, thoughtful and original, but, as always, he goes much further in his views than the most of us will follow. The book is certainly ultra-radical in its theories of the relation between mind and matter but it is well worth study and attention.

We are heartily glad that steps are being taken toward the improvement of English training in our educational system. The interest has come none too soon. A book of some practical assistance to the cause is a collection of papers originally issued in *The Dial*, now published under the name of †*English in American Universities*. A bright and thoughtful essay by the editor opens the volume, emphasizing the need for more intelligent and systematic teaching. The body of the book is occupied with articles by various college professors, outlining their methods and ideals.

‡*The Voice and Spiritual Education*, by Professor Corson of Cornell, also treats of training in English, but the purpose seems to us a trifle vague. "Spiritual" means "man's essential, absolute being," "the whole domain of the non-intellectual, the non-discursive." The

* *The Psychology of Attention*. By Th. Ribot. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.]

† *English in American Universities*. By William Morton Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.]

‡ *The Voice and Spiritual Education*. By Hiram Corson. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.] 76 cents.

aim is to show the influence of education here upon the art of reading. To use a figure which we heard in the Jurisprudence class, it is aiming a cannon at a fly. The thoughts are very grand, but when all is finished nothing has been proven which we did not know before. Among a great deal of dreamy eloquence, however, there are scattered some useful hints for effective reading and much appropriate warning for the professional elocutionist.

Paul Carus' work on **The Religion of Science* is another book lacking in mental balance. It contains a summary of the author's notion of the great coming religion, which is defined as "that religion wherein man aspires to find the truth by the most reliable and truly scientific methods." In the conception that "truth is one" he forgets that there may yet be various aspects and spheres, and the distinction between religious and scientific truth he characterizes as absurd. The authority for action is still to be "the everlasting in existence" which has been "called by the name of God," but in denying supernatural revelation he undermines this authority. The soul "consists of impulses, dispositions and ideas," and from this he logically concludes, what many orthodox believers in the same theory lack either the brains or the courage to conclude, that immortality is our embodiment "as a living element in the ever growing organism of mankind."

A more interesting work by the same author is his †*Gospel of Buddha*. The first edition, issued some months ago, was exhausted within two weeks of publication and it is now in its fourth edition. It does not aim to be critical, but presents a synopsis of Buddhist doctrines. It is eloquent in expression and the sentiment sustains a marvellous sublimity.

‡*Karma* is yet another book by the same author. It is a story embodying some of the ethical principles of the Buddhist religion, but is interesting chiefly on account of the manner of its printing and binding. It is done on Japanese paper, filled with characteristic illustrations, and altogether it makes a striking and beautiful book.

Max Müller's ||*Lectures on the Science of Language* were first prepared for university extension work and are consequently simple and elementary. The subject is treated concretely and popularly, but gives a clear idea of the author's peculiar views, and his positions, though with an air of innocence and naiveté, are ingeniously buttressed.

*The Religion of Science. By Paul Carus. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.]

†The Gospel of Buddha. By Paul Carus. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.]

‡Karma. By Paul Carus. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.]

||Lectures on the Science of Language. By Max Müller. [Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.]

The great German scientist, Du Bois-Reymond, also has a *volume of lectures in print. It contains three specimen *Vorträge*, selected and edited by Professor Gore of the Columbian University. They are intended as an introduction to the reading of technical and scientific German, and their rich and graceful style suit them admirably for this purpose.

†*The Rule of the Turk*, by Charles Frederick Greene, is a strong book, and is now especially timely. The author has a thorough knowledge of the country with which he deals, and presents the facts to his readers clearly, truthfully and vividly. The history of the massacres, Islam's part in the troubles, the character of the Armenians and the general Eastern question are all treated. Gladstone's eloquent address on this subject is also included in full. From beginning to end the book is interesting and makes a powerful appeal, in behalf of the Armenians, to all civilized nations of the earth.

* * * * *

Long ere this the gentle reader has discovered that the LIT. year has closed. We trust that our pen has not become rusted in its service; sometimes we have feared that it had, but now, in any case, the record is written and its work is done. With a feeling of regret, as well as of relief, we lay it down and give place to our successor. To him and his associates we wish well.

—John J. Moment.

**Vorträge*. Von Emil Du Bois-Reymond. [Boston and London: Ginn and Company.]

†*The Rule of the Turk*. By Charles Frederick Greene. [New York and London: G. P. Putman's Sons.] 75 and 40 cents.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

- Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederick. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball.)
- The Massacre of the Innocents. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball.)
- The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher. By Adaline Sergeant. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)
- Inductive Logic. By John Grier Hibben. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)
- Boys of the Central. By Thurston. (Boston: A. J. Bradley and Company.)
- The Heart of a Mystery. By W. T. Spright. (New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.)
- Life and Writings of Amelia Bloomer. By D. C. Bloomer. (Boston: Arena Publishing Company.)
- Primary Factors in Organic Evolution. By E. D. Cope. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.)
- Sabbath and Sunday. By William D. Love, D.D. (New York, Chicago and Toronto: Flemming H. Revell Company.)
- Weismanism. By Romanes. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.)

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